

CORONET

TOBER

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Coronet's Condensation of the Funniest Book To Appear in Uniform

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

The High-Flying Adventures of a Naval Aviation Cadet



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Cover Girl In March, 1941, Cissy Meagher's smile adorned Coronet's cover; in July of the following year, her picture, along with two other Coronet crown-wearers, was reprinted with an invitation to readers to select the lucky lass to appear in a Hollywood musicale planned by Columbia. That musicale is *Cover Girl*—and the winner of a coveted role is Cissy. Now here she is again, in a sunny mood captured by Paul Garrison.

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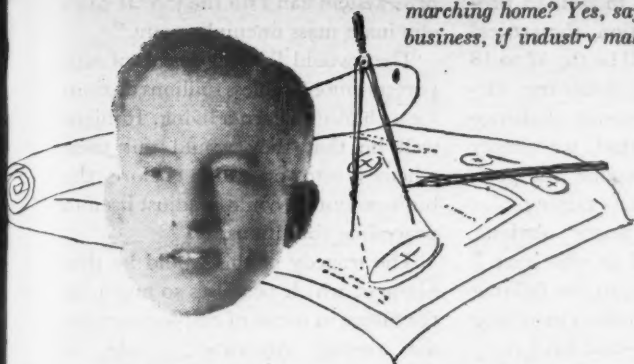
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Will there be a job for Johnny the day he comes marching home? Yes, says this spokesman for business, if industry makes post-war plans now



Post-War Planning Means You!

by ERIC A. JOHNSTON

IF YOU ARE a business man, I am speaking directly to you! If you think post-war planning can wait until after we win the war, I'll have something to say on that subject. If you believe in planning now but feel that your organization is too small "to make any difference," that you can safely leave everything to the large corporations—the General Electrics and General Motors and all the other Generals, Internationals and Universals—then I've a lot to say on that topic too.

To my mind it is unfortunate that post-war planning has become a national fad, for fads quickly fade. What we urgently need now is a lot less chatter, a lot more action and many more business men actually doing something constructive about planning for the peace.

The sum total of effective post-war planning by private enterprise will be no greater nor less than the efforts of

thousands of individual business firms. By this I do not mean, of course, that any one of us should allow post-war planning—or anything else—to divert his energies from the vital job at hand. We first must lick the Axis or our plans will be so much futile figuring.

However, it's becoming obvious in all war theaters that the Axis is going to be defeated—in perhaps less time than we think! Then will come another crucial test of the American economy.

For the peace will not be won merely at a mahogany table in a lofty-ceilinged conference room, across several thousand miles of ocean. America will win or lose that bloodless battle mostly right here at home—in our industrial plants large and small, in all the ordinary posts of American business at which the majority of us earn our livelihood.

Unless the war is concluded with a tapering finish, allowing time for a

gradual reconversion to civilian production and distribution, the critical period for all of us will be the 12 to 18 months immediately following victory. To meet the immense challenge of this transition period, we simply cannot afford to postpone our post-war planning to the last minute.

The reasons are pretty obvious, especially to those of us who have a son or brother serving in the fighting forces. When Johnny comes marching home, he will expect—and have every right to expect—to be provided with an opportunity to find a job. The competition for jobs will be keen, because millions of displaced war workers who also will want to eat.

Once industry gets going again on peacetime orders, filling the vacuum of deferred demands both at home and abroad, there should be plenty of employment opportunities. The demand for everything from cars to baby carriages will most certainly be terrific. But industry can't reconvert to the production of many types of consumer and semi-durable goods overnight. Remember the months that were required, even under tremendous pressure, for some industries to retool and convert from civilian to war production. It will be the same story in reverse. And a week, month, or year is a long time to go without a pay check when you're broke.

The spend-to-recovery theorists who advocate a rigidly planned economy, with all trade processes under strict government supervision, would have an excuse to cry:

"We told you so. The private enter-

prise system can't do the job. It can't eliminate mass unemployment."

They would find no dearth of supporters among jobless millions anxious for a chance to earn a living. It might well be that they would put their schemes into operation before the business system could readjust itself to peacetime conditions.

The tragedy of this would be that business, which promises so much for the future in terms of employment for the average American, would be throttled before it had a chance to really start breathing.

ALL RIGHT, THEN, how can private industry open up fields for employment during the difficult transition stage? Well, there's one industry which won't have a reconversion time lag to overcome—if we all plan now! That's the construction industry. In war and in peace, it uses the same type of machines, materials and manpower. All the construction industry will need to go to work immediately are the contracts for the job. And just as there will be a great accumulated demand for consumer goods after the war, so will there be a huge backlog of requirements for the rebuilding and expansion of plants, for new housing and public works long deferred.

The Associated General Contractors of America—representative of the nation's general contractors—has made careful studies of post-war job prospects in the construction industry. Here are its conclusions:

"Employment in new construction, exclusive of maintenance and repair

work, will reach a peak after the war of three million men—on the site. In addition, another four and one-half million will be employed off the site, in the production and transportation of materials."

That's seven and a half million good jobs after the war for carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, architects, electricians, engineers and a host of others—jobs which will take seven and a half million Americans out of the employment market.

But those men won't be put to work rebuilding America for a long time after the war—perhaps a dangerously long time—unless we plan for it now! That means individual business men, retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers—all of us. And it means city, county and state governments. Private building will account for two-thirds of post-war construction, so stress is laid on the business man's responsibility to plan.

You're the manager of a manufacturing plant. Generally speaking, you know you'll need a new plant addition to supply peacetime orders. You can't build it now because of stringent restrictions on civilian construction. But you can get the plans and specifica-

tions drawn up, estimate the cost, and be ready to fire away once war pressures are lifted.

The question of how to dispose of surplus war plants—those not needed for peacetime manufacture—is a post-war puzzler which hasn't been answered yet. Still it's estimated that in the 10 years following the war, new plant construction will exceed that of the pre-war decade by 30 per cent. Industry will need expanded facilities for the production of everything from paper to textiles.

The nation counts about 90 thousand civil engineers and 15 thousand architects. Some are serving with the armed forces, some are continuing to work on dwindling war construction projects. But with the virtual completion of the tremendous war construction program, a great percentage of professional designers are being released from war work. They can help you now with your post-war projects.

Business is planning on a community-wide basis in some cities. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, for instance, has what it calls a post-war "Work Pile" plan. A survey of post-war reconstruction projects by businessmen in the city reveals that 240 members of the San Francisco Hotel Association expect to spend at least 233,660 dollars for repair and replacement of furniture after the war.

The Municipal Railway estimates an expenditure of 772 thousand dollars for reconstruction and replacement of equipment and 868,037 dollars for other capital expenditures. One automobile dealer alone reports that he

"Creative capitalism" is no more hypothesis to Eric Johnston; rather it is the key-stone of a sound America. President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, he is the apex of an organization of almost a million civic leaders from Maine to California. A hemispheric and world cosmopolite, he nevertheless has the small town touch, and he is convinced that it is the business men throughout the country who will ultimately solve the nation's problems.

will spend 117,845 dollars for new fixtures, signs, additional building and general repair of his facilities.

The point is that the business men of San Francisco *know* that the wheels of industry will start spinning in their city not six months or a year following the defeat of our enemies—but as soon as the war ends.

The San Francisco Chamber explains its plan in these words. "Local enterprises are making inventories of their present situation and plans to satisfy future needs. We have asked executives approximately what they will spend for remodeling, decorating, floor and wall coverings, electrical and mechanical repairs, new signs, figures, etc., *immediately* at the close of hostilities, and what types and how many workers will be reemployed by their companies.

"From this information we can develop enough accurate leads to start every trade and craft in the city off to work the moment the war ends. And we expect it will keep them busy until business levels are reestablished.

"The thing about the 'Work Pile'—that distinguishes it from most other plans—is that its final result is orders-in-the-order book."

Let me say right here that San Francisco has no copyright on the "Work Pile" idea. If you are the owner of a business, large or small, set aside a file in your office today. Mark it "Work Pile" and begin to build up your inventory of post-war projects—not just a collection of nebulous ideas but a group of concrete plans in the blueprint stage, ready to be put in

work the day the war ends. No business is so small that it cannot do something to help take up the dangerous slack of post-war unemployment. If you are not the boss, make this suggestion to your employer and help him build up your company's Work Pile. No one is without obligation in this practical crusade on behalf of his company, his community and his nation.

The state of New York provided a good lead for other states to follow when 3,724,000 dollars were appropriated for the actual preparation of drawings and specifications for public works. But "bigness" isn't essential to planning. A Wisconsin town of 8,000 persons resolved to get its planning for public works under way 10 years ago, during the depression. Leaders of the community organized a county planning commission, a long-term program of public works. The budget and tax systems were revised to finance their program. Now this small community, like New York, is ready at any time to take bids for the construction of urgently needed projects.

Badly worn streets and roads will require immediate repair after the war. Health facilities—sewage treatment plants, water works systems, fire protection facilities—all will need repair and improvements which have been postponed until peace. School buildings, park and recreational facilities, water and river front improvements should not merely be on the list, but actually in a municipality's post-war files in blueprint form.

The United States Chamber of Commerce outlines a specific plan of

action for the business man in a new booklet titled: *Plan Now for Future Public Works*.* The Chamber advises:

"You, as a citizen, should first call on your city, county or state engineer. Get him to explain to you what he is doing about post-war public works planning. Find out from him what funds are available for the purpose and what funds he feels his department needs to do the job properly. In plain words, familiarize yourself with the local conditions so that you will be able to discuss them intelligently.

"Then go to your chamber of commerce. In many cases you will find that the chamber has already set up a post-war planning committee. In the event that it hasn't, urge the appointment of a committee to investigate the

*Available upon request: United States Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

local situation, charged with the responsibility of collaborating with other organizations in the community. All civic groups should be interested, as well as local architectural and engineering societies and technical clubs. You will find abundant help and talent available from groups of this kind. Local labor organizations obviously have a great stake in post-war conditions and should be represented in any over-all community plan.

"It is to be remembered that people acting in a group can accomplish that which no individual acting alone could ever hope to bring about. Convince yourself that post-war public works planning is needed now; join with others who hold the same belief, and the job is well on its way toward accomplishment. Make it your own problem—and do something about it."

Scornets

AT A SWANK social affair, Hedda Hopper was effusively greeted by an over-dressed woman who had snarled under the columnist's wit. Before Miss Hopper could reply to the pleasantries, the vengeful one purred: "What a lovely dress you are wearing, my dear. What a shame they didn't have it in your size!"

—NORMA C. HULET



JAMES MC NEILL WHISTLER, the American artist, was attending a reception in London, a rare sacrifice on his part. He was nearing the breaking point when a tiresome young lord remarked, "Mr. Whistler, I passed your house the other day."

Sighing audibly, the painter replied, "Thank you very much, sir."

—F. H. DUFF



AN ACCUSED criminal smirked up at Lord Bacon who, as chancellor, was trying his case:

"Your highness really ought to let me free. We're kin, you know, for my name's Hogg and Hogg's kin to Bacon."

Dryly Bacon replied, "Not until it's hung!"

—J. BEITH



The Navy likes to boast of its sea-going firemen—trained in the toughest of action-hot schools



Firemen Afloat

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

IT'S THE STRANGEST "final exam" of any school in the country—

A muffled boom—a 15-foot flash of savage fire through an iron doorway—billows of filthy black smoke tumbling out of the engine room hatches—20-foot flames leaping up the iron ladders and catwalks in the oil-flooded compartment.

"My God!" mutters a grizzled CPO with six hash-marks on his sleeve, "they'll never put *that* out. I've seen ships abandoned for smaller fires."

But two minutes later the fire *is* out. And a grinning, begrimed instructor, brushing rivulets of sweat from his eyes, says:

"Now, I want the class to walk through the engine room and see what we did. But don't touch the handrails or you'll get a burn you won't forget—it's plenty hot in there."

Thus does the coughing, groping class complete its final lesson in the

Navy Fire Fighters' School at Hampton Roads, Virginia—a school unique on many counts. For one, its main course is only two days long. For another, its instructing officers are graduates of big city fire departments, not only from the Naval Academy. For a third, it is the only fire fighters' training school I've ever seen where they break in rookies on blazes that would certainly be second alarms in many communities.

Thousands of sailors and officers are going through six of these schools every month—for the Navy has really become fire conscious, and no fooling. For stocked as they are with thousands of tons of fuel oil plus thousands of tons of ammunition, ships can be converted into floating furnaces in a matter of minutes by a torpedo or by an aerial bomb.

Manifestly, the purpose of the school is not to turn out finished fire fighters

in two days. Rather, it is to teach sailors the proper use of standard equipment found on shipboard and, above all, to instill confidence in the value of that equipment. You can talk all day to a man about how to extinguish a fire, yet the first real one he encounters will still scare him silly no matter how hard-boiled he is. Hence the major function of the Navy Fire Fighters' School is to prove to these sailors that if they stand up to an outbreak, they can perform quick miracles with modern equipment.

SIX OF THESE schools are now in operation, with a seventh to open shortly in New York, all under the jurisdiction of Lieutenant Commander H. J. Burke, former Deputy Chief of the New York Fire Department. Functioning as part of the Damage Control Section, Bureau of Ships, three of these schools are in Navy Yards on the West Coast; two on the East Coast; and one in Pearl Harbor.

Daddy of them all is the establishment at the giant Naval Base in Hampton Roads, a year old in July. Headed by Lieutenant Commander L. M. Johnson, who spent 16 years in the Boston Fire Department's Marine Division, its faculty consists entirely of firemen with long experience in handling waterfront and ship blazes. The student body consists of two groups, the bulk of them consisting of 10 picked men from 10 different ships which happen to be in port. These men take the two-day course. In addition are another 30 taking a full week's course. These include com-

missioned and petty officers concerned with Damage Control from various vessels, of which carriers are given the preference always.

The school's technique is simple, direct and effective. "Hear it—see it—do it," is the doctrine, and that is precisely what happens all day long. The session begins with a movie and a concise talk on the A-B-C's of what makes a fire burn and what makes it go out. Then, taking one thing at a time, they go into the various types of fire-fighting equipment found on the average ship: carbon dioxide or CO₂ extinguishers (standard in the Navy); fixed CO₂ installations; steam systems; breathing and diving gear; the famous Handy Billy Pump for emergency water supply; the use of Foam, powder or liquid; and, finally, the handling of the amazing "water fog" nozzle or applicator developed especially for the Navy.

Land firemen have been using different types of "fog nozzles" for four or five years. The secret of all of them, of course, lies in breaking up a solid stream of water into a high-pressure mist of millions of droplets which give one gallon of fog the same cooling effect possessed by 30 gallons of water from an ordinary fire hose. The virtue of this is obvious on shipboard where you later have to pump out every gallon you use to extinguish a fire.

With the water fog applicator, as with each other topic, the class first gets a brief talk on the subject in the auditorium; then they repair to the yard where one or more 15-foot tanks have been filled with fuel oil primed

with gasoline. A torch is applied and after the blaze really gets going, the instructors wade in with their fog nozzle while the lecturer emphasizes highlights of the technique with running comment. After this has been repeated once or twice, he then calls for volunteers from the class, re-igniting the formidable blaze time after time so that as many boys as possible can have a crack at it.

The same procedure is followed with Foam and CO₂; then the open tank is forsaken for more realistic practice. This is acquired in four separate buildings. One is a replica of the engine room of a ship; another, a boiler room, each complete with simulated machinery and real ladders, cat-walks, companion ways, etc.

A third building is done to represent a typical forecandle, stacked with mattresses and other Class A fire hazards; while the fourth and latest addition is a simulated carrier compartment. Outbreaks in these various "occupancies" are fought with the various types of hand equipment and with fixed systems in turn. And in each case the routine is the same: the lecture; the demonstration, and then the actual practice.

These aren't little bonfires, either. Twenty-foot flames are punishingly hot, and more than a little frightening to the neophyte: but once he and his nervous partner have bucked such a blaze, they're not going to take to their heels when some Jap bomb starts a similar fire on their ship.

The boys not only become familiar with different types of equipment and

the techniques involved, but they get a taste of different kinds of fires. In the fo'c'sle, for example, they find out what a real "stinker" is like: one of those common smoldering outbreaks in something like a stack of mattresses in a confined space. When the room is charged with dense smoke, the invariable mistake of the untrained is to futilely pump his extinguishing agent not knowing exactly where the fire is.

In the engine room or carrier compartment, on the other hand, a blind man could readily locate the fire. The problem here is both learning how to stand up to it and mastering the knacks of handling Foam or Fog or carbon dioxide. Much stress is placed upon these oil fires because they represent the worst type likely to be encountered on shipboard.

THE VALUE OF this learn-by-experience system was well demonstrated by an interesting bit of by-play which occurred while I was visiting the school. All through the day the instructors had been emphasizing the virtues of always laying a "stand-by line" to back up whatever equipment was chosen to fight a fire. And a very practical demonstration of that advice came just after the lecture on CO₂ when two young sailors rather timidly entered a boiler-room compartment with their line, edging up to the blaze.

"Now open your valve," the instructor shouted. They did. But, to their bewilderment, nothing came out of the nozzle.

On both sides of them young hells of vicious flame leaped far above their

heads while mounting billows of heat cascaded down on them. Right then a small-sized panic was on the verge of coming into blossom when the instructor blandly took a hand.

"Well, boys," he said, "we seem to have a hell of a lot of fire here—and no CO₂. What do you think we ought to do now?"

A tense pause, then a half-hearted voice piped up: "Stand-by line."

The instructor cocked his ear. "I didn't quite hear you," he bluffed.

"*Stand-by line*" roared the entire assemblage as one man.

And chuckling heartily, he signaled the reserves to step in and kill the fire.

This quiet, cool efficiency on the part of the instructors; the matter-of-fact manner with which they touch off rip-snorting blazes and then wade in and beat them down in a minute or so, is not only impressive but infectious. Once the boys see this done right in front of their eyes, they quickly catch on to the fact that if you'll sail in promptly and hit a blaze intelligently with the right stuff, you can kill it in a jiffy. And that is precisely the main purpose of the Navy Fire Fighters' School.

This, too, is the theme of the day's final lesson when a really "colossal" fire is touched off in the simulated boiler room and taken care of by members of the faculty.

"We've been telling you what to do all day," announces the instructor. "Now it's your turn to tell us. This boiler room is full of fuel oil and gasoline. We're going to touch it off. Then we're going to wait until you tell

us to go ahead before we do anything about it. From past experience, I know you'll let it go until you think it's 'too hot to handle' before giving us the word—but we'll see."

And sure enough no matter what the fire's proportions, they knock it down in a minute and a half or two minutes while the fast-talking instructor gives a play-by-play account of the technique.

Nor do the faculty members content themselves with staged demonstrations to prove their worth: they are on call for any especially bad fires in naval establishments anywhere. Not long ago a crew of these experts were flown deep into the Caribbean to extinguish a nasty outbreak on a ship down there, and they've responded to many "alarms" from burning tankers off the coast. Moreover, it is no secret that several ships in the Mediterranean are afloat today purely because of the skill and guts of overseas fire fighter parties.

EASILY THE MOST outstanding show the Newport News faculty has put on occurred a few months ago when a tanker, loaded with five million gallons of aviation gasoline, was rammed by an ammunition ship full of TNT about 40 miles off Cape Henry. The latter not only exploded—it disintegrated, killing about 85 members of both crews. And the tanker, with a gaping 60-foot hole in its side, settled down quietly to burn up its precious but volatile cargo.

When Lieutenant Commander Johnson and his "faculty members"

arrived on the scene, the wounded tanker was belching flame from stern to stern. Every few moments the 500-foot torch would reel under the deafening explosion of pent-up vapors, while on the forward deck cases of 50 mm., A-A ammunition went off like firecrackers on Chinese New Year's.

Covered by water streams from surrounding boats, the men boarded the blazing tanker and, for 25 hours straight, battled that blaze hand to hand. There were no asbestos suits, no gas masks—nothing but the typical

"turn out" apparel of tough, resolute firemen. And by dint of that courage, plus two tons of Foam, they not only stopped that impossible blaze—but did it quickly enough to make possible the salvage of over 3,500,000 gallons of gasoline!

Without a doubt, it was the finest piece of fire fighting ever seen on land or sea. And the men who could do that are the men who make the Navy Fire Fighters' School probably the most outstanding of all the service schools in the country.

—Straw Talk—

FAR BACK IN THE history of England, a group of "professional perjurers" walked openly into Westminster Hall with a piece of straw protruding from their shoes, advertising that they wanted employment as witnesses. From this brash act came the modern term "straw man." But throughout Europe, the sign of straw became a language of many meanings, most of them danger signals in lieu of a red flag.



IN THE NORTH of Ireland, wisps of straw about a farmhouse gate mean "Beware—a vicious dog!" In western Europe, the same sign warns of an ugly bull.



IN RURAL England or Scotland, an unemployed farmhand announces himself for hire by sticking a straw in his hat. Articles for sale in the same area are marked with a bundle of straw.



TIED TO THE DOOR handles of homes in western England, straw is the scornful mark that a wife beater lives inside.



DANGEROUS PITFALLS on mine levels and in the tunnels are indicated by straw tossed about the mine flooring.



FASTENED TO A POLE stuck in a newly-plowed field, a bundle of straw serves as a scarecrow, but secured to the roof of a farmhouse in many parts of Ireland, it is an invitation to enter and drink the health of a new bride and bridegroom.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



Cairo Letter



—Cairo (by cable to *Coronet*)

HE WAS STANDING in the glare of a full moon when I first saw him, his lumpy body encased in mauve pajamas, his bare feet in the soft, cool sand of the desert at a place called Gambut. In one hand he held a bottle of gin; the other fist he was shaking at some German planes that were shooting in his direction, sending red tracer bullets floating into the sand. They were only clearing their guns, for their target was an airdrome just over the hill. This was back in the summer of '42.

In those days he had the sort of job that any nursemaid should have been able to do, but he managed to boggle it up. He boggled up the mess fund because he couldn't add, and so he got fired. In the British Army, it's the same as with a job in civil life. If someone falls down on a job he has to go hunting around for another. But if he can't find another job within a certain time he automatically loses a grade of rank.

Peter didn't find another job soon enough, and the next time I saw him he was a lieutenant. A very depressed lieutenant. He got sloppy. He used to lose buttons off his coat. One night he lost his hat in a restaurant and for several days went around bareheaded—a heinous breach—until somebody remonstrated and he promised to get a new hat just as soon as possible.

The British Army has another odd custom. Officers sometimes wear forage caps—sidecaps I think we call them—of gaudy colors: scarlet for the Welsh Fusiliers, green, of course, for the Green Howards, green and gold for the Eleventh Hussars, and so on. Peter found himself in front of a hat shop in Cairo looking moodily at a window display of such forage caps, and he found himself thinking, "I can design a better hat than any of those myself." The which he proceeded to do.

Marching into the hat shop, he described to the hatter the kind of hat he desired should be made for him. It was a gorgeous garment. It had the scarlet of the Fusiliers, the green and gold of the Hussars, and if I remember rightly there were bits of the purple affected by one of the north country regiments. It had everything. Peter left the hat shop satisfied with the first original effort he had turned up in some time. You see, he still hadn't found a job.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the hatter said as Peter was leaving the shop, wearing his new hat, "I never made a hat just like that. Would you mind telling me what regiment it is?"

With only a moment's pause on his way through the door, Peter answered "Windsor Regulars" and stepped resplendent into the street.

At least it sounded like that. What

Peter actually had said was "Wynne's Irregulars." Peter's name is Wynne, and in his military loneliness his unquenched spirit had created a new regiment to keep him company.

One night Peter and I closed the bar at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. He was still without assignment, still wearing his gaudy, fraudulent cap. It lay on the bar beside his half empty glass. Only he and I and a colonel were in the bar. It was 10:30—closing time.

It was a very Pukka colonel. He wore the red cheeks and white moustache of a colonel who had closed bars before. Among the ribbons on his breast was the one denoting 20 years in India. He sidled over to join us, drawn by the gay abandon of Peter's hat.

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant," he said echoing the hatter, "but I never have seen that cap before. Would you mind telling me what regiment you are?" "Wynne's Irregulars, sir," answered Peter. He had nothing to lose.

"Rahly" said the colonel with an air of pleased surprise, "I didn't know any of you chaps were out here."

Peter got a job soon after that. I didn't know until a letter came some time later that he had been posted as RTO — Railway Transportation Officer—at an obscure whistle stop on the single track line through Syria.

"The flower of my youth has withered," he wrote. "I am about to tie myself to the rail in front of the home express, hoping it will not be more than two hours late."

But there came a day when another

letter arrived, from Persia. Peter was being moved farther and farther from the war he was so eager to have a piece of. He had moved from post to post, to a terrible place called Basra, on the Red Sea, and from Basra to Teheran by the odd bus line that connects those two outposts.

"I was immediately behind the ice chest," he wrote, "and managed to stretch my legs around its corner and balance my feet on some projection which proved to be the ice water faucet. It proved it—at the psychological second when I had attained some semblance of sleep—by shooting a river of freezing water down my right trouser leg.

"Upon which I sprang athletically from my seat, and as my yell subsided to a murmur, found myself hanging round the driver's neck. The bus swerved violently and stopped with a vast shudder. The torrent of water continued down the floor, its musical babble blending with some fairly rich profanity from Wynne and the strangled breathing of the driver. All this had not passed unnoticed by the other occupants of the vehicle. In fact feeling was running pretty strong. You would have thought I had done it on purpose."

And one day I saw in the notices that Peter's brother had been killed. Peter is in the family regiment now, in his brother's place. Now he has an honest fancy hat to wear. It's a fine fighting regiment and probably is fighting somewhere right now. If I see him again I'll let you know.

—CHESTER MORRISON

*To a world gone mad with science,
China's post-war gift to humanity may
well be the gift of salvation itself*



China's Gifts to Tomorrow

by PEARL BUCK

AMID THE DELUGE of post-war plans, one fact stands clear—the world of the future will be a family affair. Naturally the exact role that each member will play in keeping the family a healthy, growing organism is still conjectural. But in assessing the peacetime value of our fighting allies, we must be careful to understand objectively the unique culture and achievement of each.

In the Far East probably the most authoritative member of the Allied family is China. Already she has given us seven years of heroic resistance to our common enemy, inspired by a determination and will to survive that have never wavered—even when the battle was fought alone.

But what has China to offer to a post-war world?

It depends, of course, on what that post-war world is. If it is a world shaped and ruled by militarists, then China

will have nothing to contribute. In that world, her task will be one entirely of self-defense. She will have to create industries as quickly as possible—industries devoted to armaments—in order that she may exist in a world of continuous war. But we earnestly hope the post-war world will be one at least designed for peace and co-operation rather than competition.

And under such favorable conditions, China will be the wisest of us all. For she will have more than any other nation to contribute to a peaceful world—her four thousand years of human history, her wisdom in human relationships, her knowledge of the human mind and its behavior, and finally her conviction of the individual's worth.

Let us consider these gifts to the future, one by one.

China has four thousand years of human history—we have not yet half

a thousand. England has a scant thousand or so. Out of her 40 centuries of life, China has more wisdom than any of us. She has known, tried and rejected totalitarianism, communism, feudalism and empire.

Ever since five hundred years before Christ she has been steadily evolving a democratic people. Under various forms of government, the Chinese people have progressed toward greater and greater democracy and belief in their own value — in the value of plain people. When they had an emperor, this belief in the dignity of the common man made them regard the emperor not as their ruler but as their servant. When the people suffered, the emperor was blamed. Today this same age-long belief in the worth of the common man makes them clear-sighted toward their modern rulers. The Chinese people know wherein their present rulers are not democratic. They are neither deceived nor crushed. There is among them at this very hour an ever-increasing determination to live within a democracy, not a dictatorship.

I do not believe that the people of China could ever allow a Fascist regime, any more than I ever believed that they could allow a Communist regime. They are an ancient people and have learned the balance of common sense through all those centuries of history. They have seen governmental extremes before. They will live beyond them, yet again.

China's first gift, therefore, to the post-war world will be a deep belief in the common man, and the con-

viction that government whatever it is ought to serve the common man and not rule him.

TO UNDERSTAND China's second gift we must remember that all during these centuries, the Chinese have lived upon the same piece of land. Their house of life is a very old one. Hundreds of millions of people have lived together generation after generation. They have lived together in peace. Those who were born warlords were allowed to exist by fighting other warlords. But Chinese society expressed its feeling about war-lovers by making the soldier the lowest man in the social scale. The superior man, the fully developed man, did not become a soldier but learned to live peacefully with his fellows. Through respect and forbearance, such a society granted each individual the right to his own personality and his own qualities.

"What are the necessary qualities in a great man?" a Chinese once asked a wise man. And the wise man answered him by writing a hundred times a single character—the character *ren*.

No one word of ours contains the depth of meaning of this Chinese word. We must put several English words together—respect for another's difference, forbearance, patience, courteous consideration — all these mingled together into a perfect blend are something like the one Chinese word, *ren*. Nor was this word thought of by one man, not even by a wise man. Rather it was evolved by mil-

lions, living together and realizing that if people are to develop in peace with the greatest happiness and benefit to all, there must be a spirit in their souls. And so searching for this spirit and finding it in age after age of human experience, they created a word to define it.

Thus China's second gift to the post-war world will be that spirit which is no more than true civilization, epitomized in that one word *ren*.

THE THIRD gift is a logical addition—for *ren* and all that it means could not have been evolved without some very precious by-products of learning. And the chief of these was a knowledge of the human mind and its workings. Our western psychologists and psychiatrists have just begun to touch the fringes of such learning. They have attempted in small individual ways to solve our human problems—problems of frustration, of split personality and all those many difficulties of maladjusted natures. Nevertheless, they have scarcely penetrated into the deep causes for such difficulties—neither why people are maladjusted nor what to do with those who have become so.

But long ago the Chinese understood the effects of maladjustment, both physically and mentally, and divined its causes and prevented them. Long before I ever read in western books of the profound physical effects of suppressed anger and frustration, I had learned of them in China where they were the common knowledge of quite ordinary people. Chinese treat

their children, and I suppose have treated them for centuries, according to principles which we are just now beginning to discover and use in the west. Doubtless that is one reason why there is so little insanity in China and why the average Chinese is so relaxed, balanced and integrated an individual. This knowledge of human psychology, both individual and mass, is empirical and the Chinese have learned it in the only way one can really learn anything—by experience in life.

And so China's third gift to the post-war world will be her special understanding of the mind and the behavior of human beings.

HER FOURTH gift is, perhaps, the real fruit of China's long civilization, and results from her belief in the surpassing value of the human being. We in the West have exalted science until we have become the slaves of science. Mass production has controlled our individual lives and has set up for us rulers of whom we are scarcely aware, so dominated are we by the mighty machine. But China has never been much impressed by the machine.

The Chinese believe that if machines do not make the lives of men and women and children happier and better, then machines are not worth having. They are not impressed, for example, by our great factories. They are seriously asking, would it not be better to have many small factories, where men could live more humanly, where they could be human beings

and not automatons to feed the machine? They are not impressed, for example, by our great dams, hoarding the waters from a hundred rivers into great stores of power, to be carried back again into the valleys by wires and poles. Men enslave themselves for these great power plants, and thousands of acres of good land are destroyed. And for what, the Chinese ask? For the great companies who will only use their monopoly of power to further control the lives of men and women?

The Chinese prefer to believe that human life is more important than the machine, and that science, like an emperor, should continue to serve

man and not strive to govern him.

The greatest of China's gifts, then, to the post-war world, will be her profound belief in the necessity of humanizing science for the benefit of man. To a world gone mad with science, to a world committing suicide by means of mass production, this may be the gift of salvation itself.

That is why, as an American and a citizen of the world, I say to the people of China—and I say it humbly: "Live on, because we who are the peoples of the world have need of your gifts. Without your gifts peace will never come to this earth, nor will mankind ever be free.

"Live—for you must not die."

Where the Twain Meet

ONLY WHEN a group of monks smuggled a batch of silkworm eggs out of China inside a bamboo cane did the secret of silk reach the West, nearly 19 centuries after its oriental origin in 1300 B.C.



AS FAR BACK as 273 A.D., tea figured in the biography of a Chinese court historian whose health forced him to substitute the beverage for the wine which the liquor-loving emperor expected guests to imbibe. But not until the 17th century was it introduced in Western Europe.



ALTHOUGH porcelain originated in China around 300 A. D., four centuries elapsed before it appeared in Europe.



IN 105 A. D. Ts'ai Lun reported his invention of paper making to the emperor of China, but over a thousand years slipped by before the process was adopted in Europe.



THE DEVELOPMENT of paper in China made possible the idea of printing, and the world's oldest existing printed book, a Buddhist text dated 868 A. D., foreran the Gutenberg Bible by six centuries.

—DERK BODDE in *China's Gifts to the West*
(American Council on Education)



The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING THOMPSON

A YOUNG, NEWLY-COMMISSIONED officer in command of a submarine on practice cruise was no little flustered by the fact that his crew was made up of salty old tars. In his confusion he omitted an essential part of the routine when he ordered the crash dive. A moment later he remembered the sailor who had been standing watch on deck, and immediately gave the command to surface, praying that he hadn't drowned the poor gob.

The moment the ship broke surface, he climbed up the ladder and popped open the hatch. To his relief, he saw the sailor swimming disgustedly in the sub's wake.

As they closed in for the pickup, the gob blew out a mouthful of salt water and inquired sardonically, "Forget something?"—**BRUCE COLE**
Clarinda, Iowa

DURING THE Italian invasion of Abyssinia, one of Mussolini's prime generals was captured. An envoy was promptly sent to the Ethiopians to negotiate his exchange.

"We will give you four colonels for him," said the officer.

The offer was declined.

"Eight majors?"

"No," returned the Abyssinians.

"What then will you take for him?" asked the disgruntled Italian.

The Ethiopians went into a huddle

while the envoy paced nervously.

Then came the verdict.

"We have given the matter most careful consideration, and the very least we can accept is two dozen tins of condensed milk."

—**HELEN VAIL WALLACE**
Berkeley, Calif.

A NITA DANIEL, the writer, once had an aged gardener named Christopher, who was constantly telling stories about the miracles performed by a preacher in a nearby village. "It is the Lord himself who tells the saint man things," he once announced reverently. "Every afternoon the door opens and the Lord comes in, and they talk together."

"Have you seen this with your own eyes?" asked Miss Daniel.

"Well, no," frowned Christopher. "But the saint man told me himself."

"And you really believe him?" queried the writer.

"Do I believe him?" exclaimed Christopher. "Why, ma'am, do you suppose the Lord would come in every day and talk with a liar?"

—**LES WAGNER**
Editor of Script Magazine

K NOWING THAT the minister was very fond of cherry brandy, one of the church elders offered to present him with a bottle on one consideration—that the pastor acknowledge re-

ceipt of the gift in the church paper.

"Gladly," responded the good man.

When the church magazine came out a few days later, the elder turned at once to the "appreciation" column. There he read:

"The minister extends his thanks to Elder Brown for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given."

—ROSA LEE
East Orange, N. J.

DURING THE formalities of induction, a Negro recruit was asked whether he preferred to serve in the Field Artillery or the Coast Guard. After a moment's thought, the colored boy answered patly:

"Ah'll take de Field Artillr'y—cause ef yuh is ridin' in a jeep an' it breaks down, why dere yuh is. But ef yuh is in a ship an' it sinks, WHERE is yuh!" —JOHN NEWTON BAKER
Blacksburg, Va.

A BIGTIME CROOK had amassed a huge fortune and decided to withdraw from his racket and retire to England. There he assumed the role of an English country gentleman, guided by his capable butler, Jarvis.

When the ex-racketeer was sufficiently confident of himself in his new guise, he arranged a fox hunt, inviting noblemen from the neighboring estates. The affair went off with a flourish, and when the guests had left he turned to his butler and beamed:

"I say, Jarvis old thing, I did all right, didn't I?"

"You did very well, sir, indeed, except for one little thing. Over here in

England when the fox goes by we say, 'Tally-ho, tally-ho,' not 'There goes the lousy little son of a . . . !'"

—CORPORAL CHARLES G. O'CONNELL
Lincoln, Nebraska

A SMALL TOWN banker died, and despite his reputation as a close-fisted business man, the entire town turned out for the funeral. On the return from the cemetery, one of the neighbors broke the awkward silence in a feeble effort at a truthful tribute.

"Well," he observed, "I can say one good thing for John. He wasn't always as mean as he sometimes was."

—BERNARD SOBEL

ON A BERLIN street corner, a meek little man gazed sadly at the bombed rubble. "All this," he sighed audibly, "is due to just one man."

An alert Gestapo agent overheard and hailed the protesting traitor to headquarters. But within a short time he was released after artfully persuading officials that he had meant Franklin D. Roosevelt. As he marched out, his mildness abandoned, he stopped in front of the agent who had arrested him and asked loudly:

"Just whom did you think I meant?"

—ALEC TEMPLETON

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in The Best I Know or in the filler department. Payment of 10-dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: The Best I Know, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird.

Among the foremost sub-sighters and sinkers are the valiant RCAF patrolmen who guard the North Atlantic seaways



Sub-sinking: Canadian Style

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

OUTSIDE, a sugar snow pelted through the light from the window panes. Across the 1,600-foot-wide runway, a Flying Fortress rumbled uncertainly for its hangar and called it a day. Below, on the apron, Joe Viau's P.B.Y. Canso bomber trundled into the hangar.

They were putting on a routine interrogation in the Intelligence Office, better known as the Chamber of Horrors. It happens every time a Canso patrol comes back—if they do come back. The Intelligence Office is a big room that provides plenty of space. There are several tables covered with Army blankets. There are stacks of Intelligence data the Imperial German Staff would give a full squadron of bombers to look at. Practically everything is tagged "Confidential."

The crew clumped in—eight of them—weary with 12 hours out over the North Atlantic. They were burdened

with bulky flying suits and fleeced-lined boots. I call them the men with rings around their ears. They get that way wearing massive rubber-cushioned head-phones so long.

There was a rumble of heavy chairs and the growl of benches, a tang of strong coffee mingled with the smoke of newly-lit cigarettes. A sergeant air-gunner was almost asleep and someone punched him into a more respectful position.

"All right! All right! Let's have it," said Flight-Lieutenant Common, the question-master.

"Well," Viau began, standing up. "It was a routine patrol. We found the convoy at the point indicated. At about 08:35 hrs. I saw something off our port bow and went to investigate. I saw a white swirl and went into the clouds, but it turned out to be nothing but a chunk of debris."

"Don't forget that anxious tug,"

broke in one of the air-gunners.

"Oh yes. We picked up a tug and they signalled us asking if we had seen a corvette. I replied in the negative and they asked us if we could help them out. I had to maintain a sweep, so I turned them down. We saw the corvette later."

"Give her number!" Common broke in with authority.

"X-22," Joe answered quickly.

Common nodded grudgingly. "Now the name of the tug."

"I know. I remember. It was the *Valor*. That's right, *Valor*."

"Good!" agreed Common, studying his papers. "The *Valor* was out looking for a corvette."

Joe went on: "That's about all. It began to get thick after we had sighted the corvette and we had about an hour on instruments. It rained for an hour or so and we had icing. Then it turned to snow, but out further we had good cloud conditions. I'd say it was a routine show."

Good conditions are when the cloud cover is down about 50 feet off the water. They like it that way because if they do spot anything they can dart quickly up into the cloud, approach unseen and attack suddenly.

While Temple, another Intelligence man, was interrogating Sergeant McEnery, Viau's navigator for "lats and longs," the telephone bell tinkled from a special wall instrument. Temple took it and let out a mild yell. Turning to us he called: "Baldy's having an attack! . . . Give us the position, will you please?" he asked the Control office. "What? . . . 41.10 east.

41.24 north . . . Good! Let us know what happens!"

Joe brought his own working chart across to me and placed a pencil mark on it. The attack was taking place at that minute.

Nothing further happened, except that both Common and Temple gave up trying to interrogate this crew. No one could sit down. Coffee was left steaming. They were all silently rooting—and praying for Baldy.

"This is what it is like when we have an attack," Joe whispered to me. "Everyone goes nuts."

"I know," I whispered back, "but how will he get in with this weather?"

"Listen," Joe said. "When we have an attack we always come back—no matter what it's doing."

Temple grinned and put the phone back on its hook: "That's another for us. Baldy had a good attack. Believes the sub was destroyed!"

Everyone cheered and a cup of coffee went over and slopped among the "Confidential" stuff.

LATER ON at Group Captain Larry Wray's bungalow I learned the story of anti-submarine warfare.

"Our real problem," Wray explained, "is first of all, weather. These boys go out as far as they dare and gamble on good weather that was somewhere in Ontario when they left. If they draw the right cards, they get back safely. If they don't, we try to send them on to some alternate base. It may be open somewhere else within reach. We may even have to send them on to Montreal or to an airport

in Maine. In that case we can only hope they have enough gas left to go that far. Sometimes they don't and we get a case like that of Squadron Leader Wilson who floated about on an ice cake for four days."

"What about this guy Baldy, to-night?" I ventured.

"Oh, Baldy will be back. These kids are queer, that way. They are all sub-crazy. They'll get back somehow, because it would mean they might miss a patrol if they didn't. I mean that—these kids won't go on leave if the hunting is good."

Then we went into the matter of aircraft range, which they simply didn't have with the equipment available.

"Yes," agreed Group Captain Wray. "That's our real problem, of course. With the aircraft we are using now we can only get out about so many hundred miles. If we had (and he named a very long-range type of plane), we could lap over with the patrols, and the convoys would get air cover all the way across. I don't think we've ever lost a vessel in a convoy when we have been able to offer them air cover. The trouble all begins beyond our working range." (The long-range bombers have now been supplied and the mid-Atlantic aerial gap has been closed.)

"That's where weather comes in again," Group Captain Wray pointed out again. "If the kids have a good tail wind, they're out there in three or four hours and they can put in time making a sweep; but you have to remember that the same tail wind has to be bucked all the way back, and that

often means 10 or 12 hours in the air.

"Now if we had a (and again he named that really long-range plane), we could go out further, in much shorter time, spend a longer period in the submarine area and still have a good margin of safety. We're playing it too close, this way."

"You could carry more depth charges too, couldn't you?" I said.

"Of course! When they have used up our present load, there's nothing else to do but to come home. If they could carry—say twice as many, they could make an attack and still be in the area to get a possible second. Submarines usually work in pairs."

WE LEANED AGAINST the wind and snow and went back to the Officers' Mess and got the gen on Baldy. He was over the field somewhere and we collected Squadron Leader Griffin, the Control officer, Squadron Leader Ewart and Flight Lieutenant Firstbrook, the Squadron adjutant.

"Who is this chap, Baldy?" I continued to inquire. I had already built up a picture in my mind of a tubby guy with a high forehead—a cheery little bloke, too old for fighters and just hanging on to his medical.

"Baldy? Oh, he's just one of the boys," Firstbrook explained.

I couldn't wait until I heard the big Canso-bomber come rumbling up the ramp to the hangar entrance. The first bellows of greeting went up from the mechanics which was answered by roars of husky defiance from the N.C.O. members of the crew. A thunder of feet charged up the stairs,

for this crew had had an attack and they weren't tired now.

Baldy came out of the mob and I sat stupefied because he not only wasn't bald, but he was the handsomest boy I have ever seen in my life. Baldy, it turned out, was Flying Officer D. G. Baldwin of New Orleans. He was exactly 20 years of age, as tall and straight as a ceremonial lance. "It was a good attack, sir," he said to Wray. "I think we destroyed it."

"We should have some good pictures too," Baldy went on in a Westminster choir-boy voice. "We were extremely lucky, sir."

Baldy was pink-cheeked with boyish excitement. He had a crew haircut that was beginning to grow in and disclose the natural wave he had tried so hard to efface. He really had everything—perfect teeth, a smile that belied the casual perfection with which he worked, and a pair of shoulders which would net Hollywood raves.

"We first saw him on the surface about five miles away," Baldy began, swinging his long legs over the edge of a table where he had perched to make his report. "It was 42.10 north—43.24 west. That was the position. He was coming across our track which was 180-true at the time, and he was really cracking. I'd say he was doing between 12 and 14 knots."

"Well, I went down after him," Baldy went on, "and let go with everything. He had started to crash dive before we got there and he was well under by the time we had dropped the depth charges."

"I'll swear we got two direct hits

on the sub itself, sir," Sergeant W. R. Morphy, the First Engineer, added. "We banked fast and I saw the depth charges go in clearly."

"I'm glad to know that," breathed Baldy. "Anyway, we got good eruptions on the pattern and then circled the sea markers and floats that had been dropped. In three minutes we saw a pattern of air bubbles that covered an area 25 feet in diameter. After circling the area for about an hour we noticed an oil slick—not very big—with a rainbow effect in the middle. Then it began to snow and we lost sight of the sea markers and started for home."

FLIGHT SERGEANTS Landale and Thackeray, the wireless air-gunners, chipped in with a lot of extra detail which included data involving specific lengths, distances and other measurements. They were absolutely definite about their statements.

I leaned back and whispered to Griffin: "How do they figure these distances so accurately?"

"It's a trick," Griffin explained. "They use all the parts of the aircraft, such as the known width of the wing or the distance across a certain window. Knowing these measurements, they have worked out a system of rapid computation on the assumption that the pilot is sweeping back and forth at specified heights. It's simple and it is accurate enough for these reports."

I also learned that depth charges are filled with a new explosive which is said to be a great deal more effective

than TNT. They are dropped in a pre-determined pattern and are fitted with fuses which explode the main charge at a pre-determined depth below the surface of the water.

Anti-submarine experts know that enemy submarines dive at the rate of 10 feet per second. This means that it is a simple matter to compute the details of an attack if there is some surface evidence to work on, even though it is only the pear-shaped swirl left by the disappearing conning tower. The fuses can be set to explode at any depth and if attack conditions change, the explosion depths will be altered to fit the situation.

It is upon all these facts the Intelligence men work to determine the success or failure of an attack. The interrogation goes on for hours and the evidence is measured, weighed and slide-ruled until there can be no mistake as to whether the submarine was damaged or simply driven off. They seldom claim actual sinkings but the Intelligence officers will grudgingly admit an attack was a success.

An oil slick in itself is not enough. A depth charge will rupture an outside fuel tank but that damage will not prevent the U-boat from return-

ing to its base. Oil slick appearing so many minutes later and *after* a certain pattern of air bubbles is another matter entirely. Then they can *presume* the depth charge has seriously damaged the pressure hull of the U-boat, releasing air which will come to the surface before the heavier oil from a hull tank. But all these things together must take place according to a set pattern and within a certain time.

EVENTUALLY WE WENT back to the Officers' Mess with Baldy and his crew. The bar was closed but someone had left two trays of drinks. There was a table of sandwiches and we sat down before the open fireplace to sink a few more U-boats.

I asked Baldy what he was doing up here in the RCAF.

"Go ahead, Baldy," smiled Nutter. "Let's have the old hokum. Tell him how you saw the light and hurled your young body into the fray."

Baldy sat and stared into the fire a minute. Then that Westminster choir-boy smile appeared and he came clean: "No, it wasn't like that. It was . . . well, it was just that there were two too many girls in my life and this looked like a happy solution."

Political Purge

¶CANDIDATES for the British House of Commons a few years ago resolved to refrain from kissing babies because they considered it "an unhygienic practice."

¶A VIRGINIA statute prohibits corrupt practices or bribery in running for elective office by any persons other than the candidates.

¶AT A NICARAGUA ELECTION, the hands of voters were stamped with indelible ink after they cast their ballots to prevent them from voting more than once.

—WILLIAM E. MILES



YOUNG William Henry Perkin had been working for a week trying to obtain the valuable drug, quinine, from coal tar. One evening, at the close of a routine day's work, the eighteen-year-old chemist found in his test tube a dirty black mixture of aniline oil and other impurities. He tipped the test tube over the drain to empty it. Then, as though he were a puppet wired to the puckish hand of destiny, he paused and added some alcohol into the test tube just for the devil of it. There flashed into view a beautiful purple dyestuff. It was mauve, first of the aniline colors.

And so, prodded by accident, Perkin opened up the vast coal tar industry. Considered utterly worthless in 1856, coal tar is today the source of medicines, perfumes, rayon, plastic, photographic reagents, etc. As the verse goes—"There's hardly a thing, from salve to star, that you cannot make from black coal tar."

COAL TAR derivatives are also responsible for the discovery of a sugar that would not affect diabetics. In 1879, Dr. Fahlberg, experimenting with the stuff in his laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, became fatigued from his long hours of research and brewed himself some tea. As he drank, he noticed that the liquid was unusually sweet. Annoyed and nonplussed, he observed that his fingers

were likewise sweet. Turning sleuth for the moment, Fahlberg retraced his experiments and found that he had discovered what is now known as saccharin. His fingers had accidentally touched the stuff during an experiment and he had been unaware of its properties until preparing the tea.

WHITE PAPER owes its introduction to a peculiar circumstance. Prior to 1746, all paper was slightly yellowish in color. One day as Mrs. Buttonshaw, wife of an English paper manufacturer, was walking through her husband's mill, her shopping bag broke. From the scattered contents, a package of bluing rolled into the paper batch. Mrs. Buttonshaw said nothing, fearing the consequences of her husband's violent temper.

When the batch was completed, the paper was white instead of the customary yellow, and Mr. Buttonshaw was so pleased that he ordered more white paper produced. Several other mixtures were prepared but the results were the usual yellow.

Perplexed, Mr. Buttonshaw mentioned to his wife that the day she had visited the mill they had produced white paper, but had not been able to repeat the miracle since. Mrs. Buttonshaw confessed to her carelessness, and Mr. Buttonshaw reaped a small fortune from the accident.

—JOSEPH NATHAN KANE

Picture Story:



Anchors Aweigh

by OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHERS

NAVY PHOTOGRAPHERS follow the fighting fleet and train their camera eye on the ever-changing life of ships at sea. It is their task to be everywhere on the blue-jacket front—on shore, afloat, in the air and far beneath the ocean depths. Many of these men were famous lens experts before they joined the Navy. Now they work anonymously, recording the training and fighting maneuvers of our service men that the home folks and History may know how well they fought. On the following pages, Coronet presents some of the best pictures recently released by the Navy Department.



Trouble for Tojo. A new unit of the United States two-ocean Navy, a mighty battleship, hits the water—the first lap on the voyage to victory.



'Chute Man. An aviation petty officer first class gets himself a load of parachute. One day it may spell the difference between life and death for some young flier!



Nothing like a good stretch while waiting—with the towing tractor—for incoming planes at a Naval Air Station.



For flying guns. Gleaming belts of machine gun bullets—destined to spit death at the enemy from a U. S. Navy plane—are loaded ready for installing in planes.



Navy fliers are fit and tough. They have to be! That is why man-to-man combat is stressed in naval aviation training.



Action from the gun galleries! A crack gun crew aboard one of our naval vessels fires on a target.



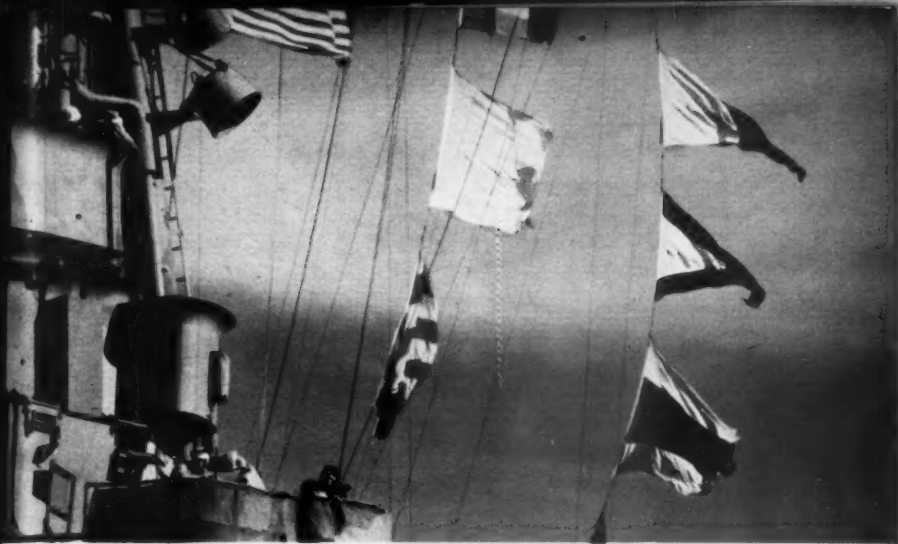
The Captain's gig. Crew of the Captain's gig comes alongside to take aboard the skipper.



The men behind the guns have to know where to shoot. Hence this sailor stands to the range finder aboard an aircraft carrier.



On the alert! The gun gallery flanking the flight deck of an aircraft carrier goes into action.



Signal hoists go up to the truck of a United States warship, sending a message. It's a kind of sea-mail!



"Navy Town" in the Aleutians. At this bleak advance base tents with little coal stoves are being used until more suitable facilities are available.



Checking in is deadly serious business. These Navy pilots are writing their report at the end of the day's flying.



Sky fish. Here great metallic, non-rigid blimps—the Navy's "K" ships—float like goldfish in their hangars.



Rear gunner. Over on his back, the lithe rear gunner of a naval plane takes a bead on the enemy.



On scouting mission. A section of OS2U scout observation planes—the eyes of our fleet—leave a triple wake in taking off.



*In perfect formation a unit of torpedo planes wings through the clouds.
Tin fish on the prowl.*



Graduation Jump! This Navy Parachute Rigger has just finished a jump in a 'chute he rigged to prove he knows his business.

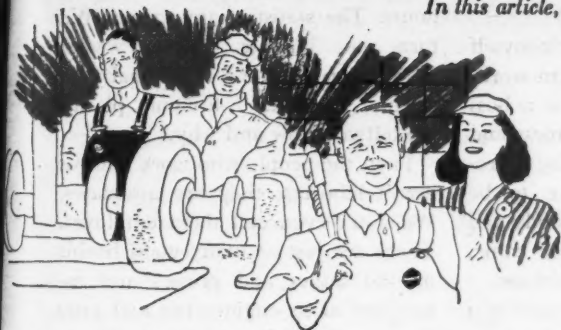


"By the left flank . . . March!" Bluejackets get their regular drill under the tail of a blimp.



By the dawn's early light—this lady bugler gets the girls up in a WAVE boot camp. It's their war, too.

*You've heard of Jack & Heintz, the plant
that leads in production and good fellowship.
In this article, Jack himself tells how*



Teamwork Hits the Jackpot

by BILL JACK

ONE OF Jack & Heintz' competitors spent a day touring our Ohio plants recently. In my office afterward he told me: "Bill, you're not running a war factory; you're operating a circus. It's a labor paradise and some day you'll be sorry. If I ran my plant your way I'd not only never meet my quotas; I'd be broke in three months."

Well, he wouldn't. But he's like a lot of our fellow manufacturers. He thinks we're crazy to run the sort of a plant we do. A lot of concerns like ours have been in business a lot longer than Jack & Heintz, and maybe the men who run them are right and we're wrong. All I can do is tell them—and you—how we operate and how it shows up in results. Let's look at the plant and the results first.

We make airplane motor starters, flight instruments and many gadgets and accessories. On many of these

the tolerances are as close as those in a high-grade watch. We make them so well, by mass production methods, that the Air Corps inspectors at the plants have eliminated all individual inspection and checking of units.

We are far ahead of schedule on starters; well ahead on automatic pilots, instruments and so forth. We believe we turn out more product per worker and more per square foot of floor space than any factory in the country, and perhaps in the world. We manage to sell most of our products for less than our competitors, without cutting quality—in fact, we think ours are a little better.

And—oh, yes—we manage to make a fair profit, too.

I can hear you saying: "Just another sweatshop, with low wages and a speedup system and driving foremen." Please wait a minute.

We're not a sweatshop, we have

no drivers, we have no speedups. Our people leave the shop every week with overstuffed paychecks.

I used to work at a bench myself and like most other American workmen I figured I'd like to be a boss one day, with my own business and "men under me." One day I figured that: I didn't like to be thought of as "under" somebody and so I planned, when my time came, I'd have men and women *with* me.

Then I thought out what sort of a place I'd like to work in, what conditions I'd like to work under. I went a bit further: I tried to put down all the things—worries, sickness, troubles and so forth—that cut down my personal production. I made a list of them and I thought: "Bill, when you have your own plant, first thing you do is eliminate as many of those production-brakes as you can."

IN A LOT OF plants I know two things called capital and labor are always fighting for their rights, and that means a lot of wasted time, bad temper and inefficiency. A lot of heavy thinking on both sides that ought to go into production goes into concocting ways to beat the other fellow. It's a waste of manpower for all concerned and we don't allow it.

Take work hours, for instance. Just now we're averaging about 80 hours a week—and we're doing it voluntarily to help the war along. But no one *has* to work 80 hours a week, and the minute the Victory whistles sound off we go onto a 40-hour week.

Yes, I know: I've read all the

statistics "proving" that men do more work in fewer hours than in long hours. The statistics are wrong. We turn out, in our 80-hour weeks, more than twice the individual production of many 40-hour plants. I'll tell you how and why.

First, the people who work with us aren't laborers; they are associates. We don't even call them employees. There are just as many good brains around lathes and presses and assemblies as in engineering and sales departments. Most of our improvement ideas come from our associates—from people who probably wouldn't give a damn if they felt they were only hired hands.

We have no hired hands, and we call each other by our first names. I'm Bill to the newest kid in the shipping room and he's Harry or Jack—or maybe Mary or Jane—to me; not because of some artificial company rule, but because we happen to like it that way.

There is no production pressure on anyone at Jack & Heintz. We have no maximums or minimums of output. We work on an honor system and each man and woman is expected to do—and does—his or her best. If he didn't, the people who work alongside him would soon dispose of him. Management wouldn't have anything to do with it. I'll illustrate:

At the end of one recent month one of our departments hadn't met its quota because of bottlenecks somewhere else. I came down one morning and found that, without management being aware of it, all the people

in that department had come down at three a.m. and worked right through the following day until the quota was met. Sure, it showed up in their paychecks, but that wasn't why they did it. They did it because they weren't just workpeople; they were partners in an outfit.

When I worked at a bench I was often afraid of my boss or his foreman—not exactly afraid, but apprehensive. It cut down my production and interfered with the quality of my work. Today in our plant no worker is afraid of his boss. At Jack & Heintz, the foremen are chosen for their ability to lead, not to drive.

Our associates know that we are squarely behind them. For instance, we try to protect their health; then, to remove as many fears and worries as possible from their lives. Many employers who have never worked with their hands don't know the worries and troubles that beset working people. We, as a concern, stand behind each of our people in time of need. And each one of them knows it and is happier and better for it.

To aid health, for example, we provide each associate with a hot meal once a day. These meals are planned by a skilled dietician and served tastefully in clean, comfortable cafeterias which are as homelike as possible. Hot coffee is ready all the time for anyone who wants it.

Back in the days when I worked at my trade, sickness used to lose time for me and cause me worry—and my bosses let me worry along alone. We both suffered. But now we try to take

as much worry as we can onto management's shoulders. Our associates are given vitamin pills to ward off colds. Health centers equipped with ultra-violet and infra-red lamps are kept running at all times. Steam baths with masseurs and masseuses are available constantly.

If anyone who works with us gets that tired feeling it's his own fault. If his fellows find him complaining about a backache or a chest cold they'll soon hustle him off to our clinic. We keep our absenteeism—a newfangled word for time out—down to a minimum by catching illness before it starts.

We run a dental clinic with free X-raying, cleaning and minor repairs, because toothaches are a time waster. The employees' regular dentists take care of major work, of course. We have dispensaries and first-aid rooms with registered nurses on duty 24 hours a day and two good doctors working regularly on the premises. There's a company ambulance to pick up anyone hurt in our plants or on the way to or from work.

NOT LONG AGO we noticed that the number of visits to our steam baths was increasing and set out to discover why. We found out that the men complained of backaches. One of our doctors said that it might be the result of foot trouble due to faulty shoes. So we took one hundred men at random and gave each one a good, carefully-fitted, comfortable pair of shoes and sent him back to work. That did the trick. Then management pro-

vided the same sort of shoes for all our associates, and the steam rooms aren't crowded any more. We all feel better and work better.

Shoes cost only a few dollars a pair; a backache can cost a great many more dollars in production.

You'd think that a man or woman would be fagged out after a twelve-hour shift, day after day. Visitors to our Ohio plants often watch our associates leaving the plants at quitting time and wonder at their pep and high spirits. We have a hard time keeping enough sports facilities operating. The Jahco Recreation Center runs a dozen bowling alleys, crowded all the time. We have softball teams, frequent dances, a plant orchestra and half a dozen other outlets for our surplus energy.

In fact, we have to run a magazine, the *Jahco News*, which we write, edit and print ourselves, to keep us in touch with all our extra-curricular goings-on, in addition to keeping us in touch with our production records.

WORKING AT MACHINES is monotonous. I know—I've done enough of it myself. To relieve the monotony, we pipe popular music through our public address system and we've even got a Jahco Victory Song which we put together ourselves and play and sing several times a day.

We have insurance for our associates that doesn't cost them a cent, but which pays us all dividends because of the mental loads it lifts. We pay for operations for our associates and their dependents up to 150 dol-

lars. We have nurses who follow up each case to complete recovery.

Like everyone else, our people were endlessly worried and made to lose a lot of time trying to figure out selective service, housing, car licenses, tire recapping, gas rationing—the thousand and one nuisances that crowd a citizen in wartime. So we have a department that does nothing else but handle such things for our people, helping them along over rough spots and saving time and temper. When one of our associates joins the services, we offer his wife his job at once. That, we hope, helps make him a better fighter. He knows his wife and family are getting along all right.

Since we all need vacations our associates get an opportunity to go away for a couple of weeks each year and really relax.

We have what we call Ambassadors of Good Will roaming our plants all the time — listening to troubles, straightening them out, getting suggestions for new methods and, if workable, putting them into effect.

We keep in touch with each other through the *Jahco News*, bulletin boards, frequent banquets and get-togethers. I often talk to our associates over the public address system. Hundreds of men and women walk into my office to talk over their problems. And when I have a problem I go to our associates for a solution—and usually get it.

Money is always one problem—it was with me. So we have a Credit Union, which encourages savings and builds up morale because everyone

knows that in an emergency he can get some money quickly at a low rate without going to a loan shark. In addition to their savings our associates are putting about 15 per cent of their incomes into War Bonds.

We don't have strikes or lockouts at Jack & Heintz and we hope we never will. We aren't doing anything "revolutionary." And we aren't running any workmen's heaven. We have been called "those fantastic people."

We're not.

We have just used common sense and the Golden Rule. Management does not think it's any more im-


portant or has any greater privileges or profit-rights than any other department. Our associates believe they have just as much responsibility for maintaining production records and fat pay envelopes as we have, and they work at it just as hard.

So I'd say to a lot of other manufacturers who are having continual headaches over "labor problems," and production slumps and absenteeism and slowdowns and bottlenecks that they might do worse than try the Jack & Heintz plan.


It may sound fantastic—but, gentlemen, it works.

Charmingly Frank


A BATCH of musical instruments was offered for sale by the government at the Philadelphia Navy Yard with this notice: "Not in very good condition—would cost more to repair than to replace."




A BILL introduced into the House of Representatives of the Missouri Legislature proposed to raise the legislators' salaries from one dollar to four dollars per day. One representative objected, remarking, "We aren't doing a dollar's worth of work a day now."




A NIGHT CLUB near Camden, New Jersey, advertised, "Don't kick about the prices—we are not in business for our health."



AN UNSUCCESSFUL candidate for a judgeship in Arkansas filed this item in his campaign expense report: "Pie suppers, moochers and grafters—\$50."



JUDGES of an election in Chicago unfolded a ballot with this notation upon it: "I was paid one dollar for this."

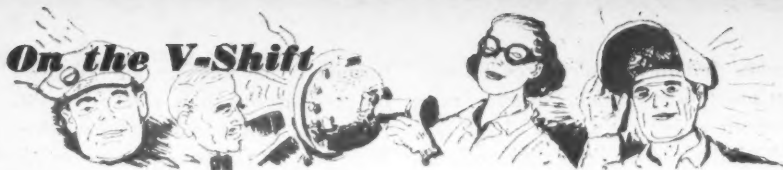


JUDGE J. Henry Johnson of Allendale, South Carolina, has made a practice of asking prisoners whether they would rather have mercy or justice. In 19 years, he reports, not one has chosen justice!

—W. E. FARSTEIN



On the V-Shift



Panoramica: From one of America's toughest melting pot sections in Brooklyn, a group of boys with names like Adams, Applebaum, Cammarato, Hansen, Katz and Schmitt take Navy tests for appointment as aviation cadets, make top score for the nation . . . In Boston, the OPA gets a ration book application accompanied by a note: "Mother has left home. When she applies, please let us know where she is." . . . At New York Hospital, new volunteer orderlies include corporation presidents, chemists, lawyers, engineers, all anxious to do their extra bit by learning bedpan manners . . . Chicago property owners turn empty storerooms into apartments to relieve the housing shortage . . . At the Marmon-Herrington plant in Indianapolis, instead of the usual whistles, bugle calls ring out changes of shift . . . In New York a bride and groom pass under an arch of honor: blow torches and riveting guns held aloft. Their wedding trip: a government-paid bus trip to Mare Island, California, where their "living happily ever after" will include working together building ships.

Gold Dust: Production stoppage threatened in a West Coast bomber plant recently because a few hundred vital parts—parts so small you could hold the needed number in the palm of your hand, were lacking. Too rushed

to wait for new supplies, the manager ordered men to sweep the factory floor, trucked the dust to the Southern California Glass Company in Los Angeles. Two days later, enough parts were delivered, sifted from that floor dust to break the bottleneck.

It's a new business—salvaging the sweepings of aircraft plants. Originated by the Southern California Glass Company when building restrictions cut down the call for glass, today it keeps busy a huge staff of girl workers. Tons of sweepings are screened, separated and sized automatically by machines. Bolts and nuts, magnified on a screen, pass before an operator who spots defectives, rejects them by pushing a button. Everything usable is recovered—right down to aluminum dust. In one Los Angeles plant alone, 18 million parts were salvaged in a single year.

Putt-Putt: Life begins at 400 miles an hour for an airplane in this war, or so airmen used to believe. That is, until the lowly air flivver came into its own. Sailing along, never faster than 90 miles per hour, it can hover 500 feet in the air, directing artillery fire and reporting enemy positions. Landing and taking off from rough fields and roads, hunting subs and hedgehopping over battlefields to rescue wounded soldiers, maneuvering as a heavier ship could not, the "play-

boy" plane has lived down its nickname and amazed military strategists with its performance. Thousands of our expert flyers first took to the air in "Flying Grasshoppers." In the training of bomber-pilots at Canadian and U. S. air bases, more than a million miles a day are being flown in these baby ships which promise to be the air flivvers for tomorrow's Americans.

Quick Salutes: To the first girl sourdoughs—US Engineer employes, —who pounded typewriters, pushed drafting pens at 72 degrees below zero to help tame the wild Northwest for the U. S. Army. Living in unheated rooms without running water or bath, working in an abandoned parlor car so cold that ink froze in their pens, they got out the work, helped build the Alaska highway . . . To 660 thousand oldsters who turned down Federal pensions to stay on the job and thus add more than 40 divisions to our home front army fighting the battle of production . . . To the 75 thousand Civil Air Patrol volunteers who have flown more than 20 million miles, spotted more than 150 subs, rescued torpedoed crews, hunted lost planes, flown relief to flood-stricken areas. In this gallant service, 30

flyers have been killed, 73 planes lost . . . To Samuel Del Vecchio of Washington, D. C. for his unique "Trading Post." Each month he scours scrap piles, salvages nearly 3,000 dollars' worth of ancient electric irons, fans, vacuum cleaners, household appliances, and puts them back to work for housewives . . . To San Diego members of the International Association of Machinists who have fitted up a special shop and in their spare time are tooling 10 thousand jungle knives for weapon-short Marines.

Victory Treasure Trove: A device for testing fuses in anti-aircraft shells so effective it virtually eliminates "duds" (Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.) . . . A gadget that prevents turret gunners from shooting into the tail or wing of their own planes by shutting off the bullet bursts or diverting the gun's aim (Glenn L. Martin) . . . A new plastic punch that not only saves critical metal but eliminates the need for rubber shock absorbers (Curtiss-Wright) . . . A recoil absorber that takes the kick out of .50 caliber machine guns, lets gunners keep a bead on the target, avoids the strains of kickbacks (Bell Aircraft).

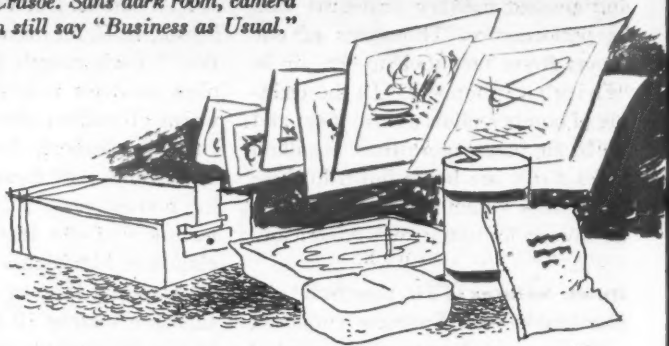
—LAWRENCE GALTON

Iceberg Gardens

A T RUSSIAN polar stations in the Arctic, cucumbers and salad greens are grown underneath the ice. The beds are heated electrically and lighted by 300-candle-power bulbs from current produced by windmills erected above the ice, thereby putting the Arctic blizzards to the service of man and expanding the habitable area of the globe.

—HAZEL H. ADLER

Two sergeants at Yale are busy making a sucker out of Robinson Crusoe. Sans dark room, camera and film, they can still say "Business as Usual."



Snapshots on a Shoestring

by SERGEANT MORT WEISINGER

A PHOTOGRAPHER of 30 years' experience recently closed shop because priorities had choked off his supply line of photo lab accessories. If anyone had told him of the photo cadets at Yale who can take a picture without a camera—and develop it without a dark room—he would have sworn it was impossible.

Green overall-clad aviation cadets stationed at the Yale Army Air Forces Training Command School are being groomed night and day in the art of roughing it. A wartime photography course in camera conjury is training the lensmen how to develop aerial shots without such chemical "musts" as potassium bromide, sodium sulphate, hypo and acetic acid. Right now the AFTC boys are cracking the problem of how to annihilate the mobile photo fighter's worst bugaboo—waterless terrain.

Two Pennsylvania soldiers in their

late twenties, Sergeant Lewis Greene and Staff Sergeant Sam Rolston, innovated the special course. Greene, a photographer in civilian life, and Rolston, an ex-repairer of show-window wax mannequins, learned lens lore the G.I. way at the AFTC's Lowry Field in Denver. Both sergeants were then channeled to Yale, to join the staff of officer-teachers stationed there.

One afternoon Sergeant Greene was concluding a lecture-demonstration on a few emergency photography methods in the field when a cadet hit him with a 64-dollar question.

"Suppose we're in a photo mobile trailer, and shrapnel smashes our cameras," the cadet quizzed. "How could we make hurry-up pics of a new type gun found in an enemy aircraft?"

"You'd *make* your own camera," was Sergeant Greene's comeback.

How to construct a pinhole time-exposure camera out of a cereal box

and a strip of celluloid ripped from a wallet and pierced with a pin, is a stunt known to every camera fan.

Later that night, as Sergeant Greene and Rolston, his roommate, lit pipes in their barracks, Greene threw the question into his buddy's lap with the comment, "Sam, it's a hundred-to-one shot that all cameras in a mobile photo unit *would* ever be destroyed simultaneously. But maybe it would be a good idea if we showed future classes how to make a pinhole camera—just in case."

AND SO AN IDEA WAS BORN, linking the two sergeants together as partners-in-photophenomena.

"Why not incorporate a special class into the regular photography course on developing pictures under all adverse conditions?" they asked Captain William E. Bradford, director of the photography course, the next day. Bradford agreed, and promptly took the matter up with the commanding officer.

Immediately, both sergeants were given the green light. For several weeks they spent their off-duty hours experimenting with chemicals and emulsions. Using the vast research files of the AFTC for a philosopher's stone, the duo soon reaped a list of ersatz photo props that even included a bar of G.I. soap.

Ordinary table salt, they discovered, could be used to take the place of potassium bromide, an essential chemical required to develop a print. The brownish, naphtha-smelling bar of soap was drafted as a stand-in for

sodium carbonate, a substance used to speed the process of development. Should a photo crew's supply of sodium sulphate dwindle away—and sodium sulphate is vital in tropic areas where an emulsion melts unless treated with the stuff—granulated sugar will serve as an SOS substitute.

Virtually obtaining alchemical results in their experiments, the team of sergeants continued their work on a second wind of enthusiasm, using as a premise that everything in a photographer's supply catalogue is dispensable—if you know how.

Acetic acid solution, a photographer's lifeblood, almost proved too much for the modern Robinson Crusoes. Known to the initiates as a "short-stop," this is the ingredient in the hypo that protects prints and negatives from over-development. Without a supply of this precious liquid, an AFTC rolling mobile photo lab need never start on a mission.

It was a tough nut to crack, but they did it. By starting the motor of the mobile unit and inserting the exhaust pipe into a tank of water, they found that the carbon dioxide fumes compounded with water to accomplish the necessary legerdemain and result in a perfect synthetic substitute.

Sea water turned out to be an oasis of supply for the inventive experimenters. The sea contains every single element of the atomic table—and, as many photo units would be operating in coastal areas, utilizing the chemicals in sea water seemed a natural.

First of all, they worked out the process of making ordinary sea water

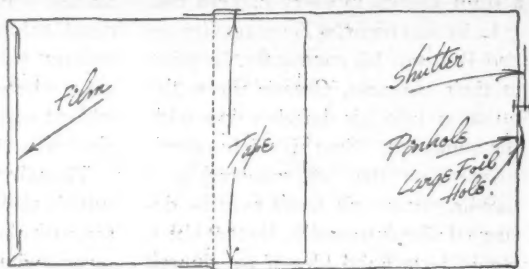
take the place of fresh water in the development of aerial photos. They found the salt residue left after boiling a gallon of sea water is equivalent in reaction to the one-fourth of an ounce of potassium bromide ordinarily added to the developing solution.

By using less potassium bromide in the developing solution, they were able to use salt water for the development of negatives and prints. To mobile units stationed in combat zones near a coast, where water is doled out in small rations, this new process is turning out to be a liquid life-saver.

Several other uses were found for sea water. For one thing, in an extreme emergency the briny stuff can be used in place of photographer's hypo, always needed as a fixing solution.

But pseudo-chemical wizardry was not all that Greene and Rolston pulled out of their bag of tricks. Every remotely possible technical problem became a challenge to their ingenuity and

Pinhole Camera Photography



1. Procure a cardboard box about the size of a fishing reel container.
2. Punch a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter through the center of the lid.
3. Paste a piece of light-proof foil or paper over the hole.
4. With a fine needle, work a tiny pinhole in the center of the paper and remove the burr with a razor blade.
5. Now fashion a simple shutter that can be dropped over the pinhole until you are ready to take the picture.
6. Working in a darkened room, tape a sheet of film flat against the inside base of the box.
7. Close the shutter so that no light can enter while you tape the lid on tightly.
8. Place the box side down on a sturdy table with the punctured end focused on the subject to be photographed.
9. Lift the shutter for a few seconds to several minutes depending on light conditions.
10. Drop the shutter; remove and develop the film.

initiative—nothing was overlooked.

Suppose there were no water at all in the vicinity. What then? The two borrowed a trick from Uncle Sam's fire-fighting forest rangers. When the rangers need water in a hurry and there's none around, they dig for it. Small, efficient drills, powered by gasoline-driven generators, bite deep into the earth in double-quick time.

Inasmuch as every two-wheeled photo trailer already carries generators, the incorporation of drilling equipment was suggested. In desert terrain, where they are not far above sea level, the men could drill for sea water, and work with that. And so another milestone on the AFTC road to victory was successfully passed.

Reluctant to let a trick pass by, the wonder team has even doped out a means of obtaining electricity, should the generator be wrecked. As speed is paramount, electricity is used to run the developing assembly, a machine which winds and rewinds the 75-foot length of film the pilot drops from the sky in a metal cylinder.

Juice for running the developing assembly can be obtained by tapping the radio batteries of a wrecked plane or tank. There are always such wrecks in a battle area, and a small scouting party could certainly salvage batteries to tide the lab over.

A photographer without a dark room is like a plane without a propeller. And the possibility of enemy ammunition demolishing a dark room is always imminent. Licking this one was simple. The sergeants instructed cadets on how to rig up a light-proof dark room from wooden poles and G.I. woolen blankets. In African climes, where a cool temperature is required during developing, buckets of water are slapped against the sides of the blanket tent.

To insure further refrigeration, Sergeant Rolston tells the cadets how to fill a box with wet sand and place on it the tray containing the film and

solution. The water evaporating from the sand keeps the tray cool.

If a soldier-photographer of the first World War were told that he ought to know how to take a picture without film, he probably would have gone AWOL. But if a graduate second lieutenant from Yale's AFTC photography school ever faced that necessity, he'd remember something taught him by Greene or Rolston.

Not having any film, he'd take a piece of sensitized paper, ordinarily used for the printing of negatives after the picture had been taken, and transfer the emulsion (a coating of gelatin and silver on paper) onto the piece of glass from the frame of his girl friend's picture. With that for a film plate, he would be able to carry on business as usual.

Sergeants Greene and Rolston, recently appointed aviation cadets and soon to be officer-instructors, have discovered a lot more. But a good deal of it, like a formula for rendering over-exposed and under-exposed film serviceable and how to print a picture without a printer, comes under the heading of military information. These secret weapons are all kept in files marked "Confidential" and "Restricted."

The lads are still up at Yale, daily trying to wrest chemical substitutes from such substances as shoe polish, hair tonic and even ketchup.

"We've tried everything except used razor blades," said Sergeant Greene, "and last night I happened to hear Sergeant Rolston talking in his sleep about that!"



AS JOHNNY GREW OLDER he came to know that there were many attitudes which people held toward their mothers. Some loved their mothers simply and purely, as a stream of water moving always away from its source, yet holding forever the substance of its origin. Others loved their mothers because convention ruled they should—and the pretense seemed to have its measure of validity, since they didn't know it was pretense.

Still others just didn't like their mothers, and rebelliously found pride in the antipathy. There were even a few who hated their mothers, some of whom became psychologists who wrote books to prove it was natural.

But Johnny loved his mother and he knew why. Burned deep in his memory was the occasion when the emotion revealed itself to him.

Harsh poverty had ruled his childhood home. Money was scarce, and there was never a time that his mother did not know exactly how much she had at hand. One day she had discovered that a nickel was missing. She called the children together.

"A nickel is gone from my purse," she said. "There's been nobody here except the four of you."

Johnny looked at his two smaller sisters—at his little brother. Then he looked at the floor. He had not loved his mother in those days. She was severe and he dimly felt that she did

not love him, but loved only the younger ones who needed so much tedious attention.

"Which of you took the nickel?" his mother asked.

He raised his eyes slightly. Three pairs of eyes met his, the youngest ready to crinkle with laughter.

There was no laughter in his mother's eyes, nor softness in her tone. "If whichever one of you took it won't admit it, I'll have to whip you all. And I'll do it," she declared sternly. "Right now, too." Down came the awesome razor strop.

Johnny saw now only frightened eyes looking into other frightened eyes. "I took it," Johnny said almost before he knew he was speaking.

"Oh, you did." He could not face his mother's piercing stare. "Your sweet tooth, I suppose," and she sent the others away.

He was whipped as he had never been whipped before. Though he did not mean to cry, he could not help himself, so terrible was the impact of his mother's wrath. Then he was sent to bed and the blinds drawn down against the light.

Much later—though it was still not late, for the others had not come into the room where he was imprisoned and they must sleep—the younger of his sisters had stolen in to him.

"Mama found the nickel," she whispered, seeking his hand and holding

it in both of hers. "It was just in her coat pocket, that's where it was."

Then she had backed out of the room, and he had fallen asleep crying while the light still came in faintly under the window shade.

Next morning, when he went into the kitchen to wash, his mother looked at him with hollow eyes. She said no more than usual, but when they all sat down to breakfast, Johnny found on his plate a bar of candy. Wrapped in all its printed finery, it was just as it had come from the store, where she must have gone earlier to get it. Even upon their birthdays they had never received store candy as a gift.

At first he was too startled to look up from it. But when his mother said in her normal way, "Now, let's eat," and did not so much as say, "You

can't have your candy till after you've eaten your breakfast, Johnny," then he did look up.

He thought of his mother as a strong woman. But she did not look strong here in the bright morning light. She looked weak, and her eyes were imploring. Suddenly he smiled and was happy.

She said, "Now, eat your breakfast, Johnny," but the words, though firm and directive as always, had no bite in them. Her eyes met his, and there were a dozen other messages in them. They spoke what could not be said, and what needed not be. He knew now who suffered more.

Johnny was no longer afraid of his mother. He knew that she loved him. And he sat looking into her eyes, loving her in perfect sympathy.

It All Comes Out in the Wash

THE THOUSANDS of restaurant tablecloths laundered each week by linen supply firms are a public opinion poll of the average American diner. For the first two weeks in March, table covers were adorned with laborious arithmetical jottings, testifying to the preoccupation of the citizenry with the March 15 income tax payment. Each new proposal during Congressional bickering on the pay-as-you-go tax law incited more figured doodling. When the Allies landed in Africa, doodled maps showed a decided preference for Italy as an invasion point. In fact, without reading the newspapers, sorters in linen laundries can tell what spots are in the news from the locales of the maps drawn on the napery.

Fashions are mirrored by doodlers, too. For months, a Chicago supplier claims, almost every tablecloth picture of a pretty girl wore an over-the-eye hair-do à la Veronica Lake. Each new WPB order restricting clothing styles inspires feminine doodlers to their own dress designing. And during 1942, columns of boys' and girls' names decorated the linens so that laundry workers were not at all surprised when year-end figures revealed the birth rate had broken all records.

—PHILIP LESLY

You need not feel shame or stigma if a member of your family falls mentally ill. A sick mind, like a sick body, can be cured if treated in time



Good News about Mental Illness

by EDITH M. STERN

WHEN MY FRIEND HENRY had a ruptured appendix and suffered abdominal pains and nausea, nobody talked about his illness in hushed whispers. Henry was rushed to a hospital, had an operation, underwent a period of convalescence then resumed his normal business and social life.

But it was quite a different story when the mind of his sister Catherine became disordered and she said that her food was being poisoned by an enemy. The family didn't call in medical help until Catherine's physical health had been seriously undermined by her consistent refusal to eat. Even then, against the physician's advice, they stalled off sending her to a mental hospital for treatment for paranoia until the time she snatched up a kitchen knife to defend herself against an imaginary persecutor. Among themselves they talked in tearful whispers about her being "put away."

To queries about her whereabouts, they gave half-truth answers.

Most families like Henry's and Catherine's can take physical illness in their stride, but feel themselves peculiarly afflicted when there's "insanity in the family." Nonetheless, mental breakdowns are most common. They occur in the best families as well as on the wrong side of the tracks. One person in every 20 becomes a mental hospital patient sometime during his life. The borderline cases go uncounted.

Yet mental illness still remains in the hush-hush category of dread and shameful disease, from which tuberculosis, cancer and, more recently, syphilis, have long since passed. If yours is the one in every five homes it strikes, know the facts instead of the fallacies about sick minds, and take comfort from this knowledge.

To begin with, many mental dis-

eases are as curable as many physical diseases. Paresis, for instance, can be arrested through fever therapy and prevented entirely if the patient is treated early enough. From even the poorest mental hospitals, which offer their patients little except food, shelter and protection from the strains and stresses of the world outside, 25 to 33 per cent of patients are recovered or improved when discharged. From the best mental hospitals, where the resources of modern psychiatry are effectively marshalled, 60 per cent of all patients graduate to take once again their rightful places in family and community life.

THOUGH THE chances of restoring the very old to normalcy are slim, innumerable younger folk regain mental balance beyond the fondest hopes of their despairing families. Take 24-year-old Helen, for example. Helen was a victim of dementia praecox, the most prevalent of all mental diseases. She was taken to a first-rate state hospital after she had tried to commit suicide because "life wasn't worth living." At first Helen did nothing but sit silent, with head bowed and hands lying limply in her lap. After a while when she had watched others about her busy at chores, she worked a little, listlessly, each day. Salt rubs and stimulating showers toned her up and aroused her from her depression. Shock therapy brought her sharply out of her private world of sombre dreams and melancholy fantasies into the world of reality. Bit by bit, she participated in the various

activities offered by the hospital. In the occupational therapy workshop, she regained concentration and self confidence through the production of exquisite handwork. At a dancing class, she learned to become part of a group. A year and a half after Helen's entrance into the hospital, she left it, never to return.

Catherine, too, was thoroughly cured of her delusions of persecution. After her physical health had been built up through regular hours, a proper diet and exercise, she was given regular sessions in psychotherapy—long talks with her hospital physician. Gradually, through skilled direction of the conversation, he brought her to see for herself that there was no factual basis for her conviction that someone was poisoning her food.

Nevertheless, though the family continued to regard Henry's appendicitis as merely an unfortunate individual happenstance, Catherine's illness remained a "taint" that touched them all—even though today most experts regard the hereditary factors in mental illness as distinctly minor.

This is heartening, because it means that you and yours aren't licked from the start. Each breakdown can be tackled individually. Many mental abnormalities do have a physical basis, as anybody knows who has been delirious from a fever or has seen the world turn rosy, thanks to alcohol. Others develop as the result of childhood experiences. Eliminate the physical factor, bring to light the experiences that sent the patient off on a

tangent, and you can effect recovery.

Usually a hospital affords a better environment for treatment than a home. It has all the facilities for maintaining regular schedules. It has staffs on duty 24 hours a day. Above all, unlike the home whose conflicts may have been the roots of the patient's condition, it is soothingly impersonal.

If you picture "insane asylums" as places of horror, you should visit a good and modern mental hospital. Its atmosphere is surprisingly calm and peaceful. Many patients work, exercise or play unattended on its well-cared for grounds. Nearly all of them are tidy and well groomed. Attendants act like nurses, not jailers.

No matter how agreeably surprised you are by mental hospitals, however, perhaps you'll make the same mistake that Mrs. A's family did in thinking it "makes people crazier to be around other crazy people."

Mrs. A., aged 50, simply couldn't live in an ordinary household. She went about the house turning on water taps, telephoning her friends regularly at three a.m., and upset her grandchildren by loud, alternate fits of laughing and crying. So her sons and daughters pooled their resources to maintain her in an isolated cottage with a nurse. Mrs. A., however, only became worse and took to barricading herself in with furniture and tearing up sheets with her teeth. Their money gone, there seemed to be nothing for the children to do but send Mother to a state hospital.

Much to their distress, she was

placed in a "disturbed ward" with women as disruptive and noisy as herself. But their goings-on didn't bother her nearly so much as they bothered her visitors. She was so wrapped up in her own fantasies that she paid as little attention to her ward mates as they did to her. Gradually this mutual indifference had its effect. When Mrs. A. stood in the middle of the room and screamed, no one wept or pleaded with her. After she had done enough screaming, she calmed down a bit and began to become aware of the antics of others about her.

"I'd like to get away from those nuts," she told her doctor.

This was a good sign: he had her transferred to another ward, with quieter patients. They were tolerant of one another's untidiness, scoldings and crotchets to a degree unattainable by normal people. Mrs. A. struck up a friendship with a woman her own age, and much of the time she formerly expended in destruction, now went into chats with her new crony.

One day Mrs. A.'s friend cut her finger and Mrs. A. bandaged it for her. Now, her doctor decided, she was ready for a move to a still "better" ward. This new-born helpfulness was a healthy step towards socialization.

After that Mrs. A.'s ability to give and take with other people increased steadily. An excellent needlewoman, she enjoyed making costumes for plays staged and acted by patients. She revived an interest in croquet. She went on group walks with other improved patients. Two years after she

had been admitted to the hospital, she was discharged.

"If you had kept me cooped up in that cottage," she told her children, "I'd never have gotten out of myself! Just seeing how foolishly some of those other patients behaved made me realize I was being foolish, too. That was the first thing that started me on the road to recovery."

Psychiatrists—specialists in the mind—who engineer these recoveries are as competent as any other medical specialists. Perhaps you hesitate to call one in because you so often have heard the cliché "They're all batty themselves," and have come to believe it. That's as sensible as saying that all dentists have decayed teeth.

Qualified psychiatrists do not think "everything is mental." Before they specialize in mental diseases, they are thoroughly trained in general medicine. And although there is still much to be learned in their field, as there is in all medicine, they can diagnose mental disorders, foretell their probable course, and treat them as competently as a good pediatrician handles the diseases of infants.

MAYBE YOUR most pressing worry about a mental illness that has come close to you is the spectre of its recurrence. You have heard dire tales about Mr. G. having been discharged from a mental hospital only to return, "wackier than ever." Remember, first, that you're bound to hear more about the cases that go wrong than about the permanent recoveries. The recovered ex-mental patient isn't going

to advertise his past. Moreover, you don't know how many relapses occurred because families disregarded medical advice and brought a relative home prematurely or treated a convalescent so over-anxiously that they upset him. Given half a chance, with healthy-minded, common sense treatment by relatives, friends and the community, the great majority of recovered mental patients remain well and happy.

Finally, there's solace today in the realization that mental patients are not weird, mysterious and set apart from the rest of the world, but are like the rest of us—only more so. Each obvious form of abnormal behavior is merely a striking, exaggerated version of quirks and peculiarities exhibited by you and me.

For example, don't you sometimes have "moods"? Are you gay one day and discouraged another, with no particular change in circumstance to account for your ups and downs? A manic-depressive patient, who is either so exhilarated there's no holding him or so depressed he won't stir, simply has these moods more intensely and for more prolonged periods.

Or, do you check several times to make sure you've locked all the doors or turned off the gas? The mental patient who ceaselessly repeats one motion over and over manifests, pathologically, similar "compulsions."

Every now and then, perhaps, you get something off your chest by letting forth a tirade which you later regret. In disordered minds, the lid which holds down the expression of our less

lovely emotions is completely off, and many mental patients let loose floods of invective and obscenity that would appall them, were they well.

You may indulge in spells of day-dreaming. The mentally ill likewise daydream—but so continuously that the real world ceases to exist for them.

Of course it's distressing to witness

such manifestations in the people we love. But grasp fully the fact that men and women who behave abnormally are nothing more than sick people; that their minds aren't functioning properly, just as other invalids suffer from impeded circulations or crippled limbs. Enlisted promptly enough, modern medicine can help them.

Rationing: Chinese Style

PRICES—NOT POINTS—are the basis for rationing in China. Because of the total lack of commodities the method is ironically successful for when goods are procurable prices loom like the lofty peaks of Tai-shan, eliminating virtually everyone.

American advertised brands of coffee—if you can find them—cost 600 dollars a pound. China's century-old, life-sustaining staple, rice, sells at two dollars a pound, reducing countless millions to a single meal a day.

Reed sticks are crude substitutes for pencils, prohibitively priced at 10 dollars each, and the good earth for non-existent paper. A textbook, if obtainable, is borrowed and reborrowed.

The feel of soft silk stockings is a dim, dim memory with a pair now selling at 500 dollars. For 150 dollars you might be able to acquire a pair of crepe-soled, flat-heeled sneakers, but the inferior leather shoes squeak at 600 dollars. Fair exchange for a cotton handkerchief is 30 dollars; and cosmetics are invisible at 400 dollars for a tube of lipstick.

From flowing brocades and soft silks, the Chinese are reduced to *shoms* of coarse home-grown, home-dyed blue cotton. Women's skirt lengths are shorter by 12 inches, both for economy of material and as an expedient in war work or making the air-raid shelter on the run.

If it's warmth you want, a ton of coal may be had for a thousand dollars. But at that price you would probably do as the Chinese and line your clothes with cotton padding, becoming, as the weather grows colder, more and more rotund with cushioned bulk.

Spring beds are extinct. Hospitals are roughly equipped with unyielding boards flattened across wooden horses to withstand the weight of bodies tossing in pain. Mattresses are made from a single thickness of raffia or bamboo matting.

Shrapnel from Japanese shells supply Chinese surgical dressings, and necessity has even created syringes from bamboo. But though necessities and luxuries are rationed to the marrow, in China there is no rationing of morale.

—ROSE HUM LEE

Gold and All That

by RESCOE FLEMING



"GOLD is the only thing that will buy temporary female companionship anywhere in the world." So says a man who knows. And most men-about-town, and even their less urban brothers and cowboy confreres, agree that this isn't fiction but fact.

This ruddy, massive, malleable, incorruptible metal has throughout most of human history been a foundation for human buying and selling. All the gold now in human possession in the world would form a cube only about 41 feet in each dimension—or the size of a three-story building. It would weigh 42 thousand tons, the weight of a modern battleship. Of this building, the U.S. government would own the two lower floors. The third would be in thousands of ownerships from sovereign nations through native princes to gold-hoarding individuals.

On such a tiny fulcrum—much smaller throughout most of history than it is now—has most of the world's commerce been supported.

Most people believe that the old days—from King Solomon's Mines to the Forty-Niners—were the gold days. Not so. Sixty per cent of the world's gold has been mined since 1900. More was mined in 1940 than in any previous year of human history—more than 14 hundred short tons, of which the United States and its possessions produced about 205 tons.

In normal times the world's gold

stock increases at about three per cent annually.

We also think of gold mining as still in the stage of the old prospector conducting his search with his burro and pick and shovel. He is definitely of the past. Gold mining is nowadays big business. About 98 per cent of the metal is recovered by large companies which use the most modern mining and recovery equipment.

A big deep-vein gold mine is like three or four Empire State buildings speared into the rock—one on top of the other. In a huge gold field like Cripple Creek there are tunnels that—placed end to end—would form an underground way across the continent. Here a relatively few men with pneumatic drills work at widely separated places, preparing gray rock to be blown down and taken to the mill.

One could work for years in such a gold mine and never see the gleam of the metal. It is scattered thinly through the rock in fine invisible grains. A deep mine can operate profitably on one-tenth to one-half a troy ounce of gold to the ton. What's more, a big copper mine in Utah recovers 1/110th ounce of gold to the ton as a by-product. And usually gold dredges wash out one thousand dollars' worth a day, when the gold content is as low as 1/350th ounce.

Recovery is big business too. Massive, almost wholly automatic ma-

chines that operate in series, tended by a few men who mostly watch, do all the work.

Placer mining—recovery of gold from sands or gravel, traditionally the Old Prospector's field—is big business also. There are about one hundred gold dredges in the United States and Alaska. These monsters, looking like long-snouted slugs as big as cruisers, cost from 500 to 750 thousand dollars each. Built in place, each of them is floated in its own pool.

When ready, it hunches forward and begins to eat the soil in front of it right down to bedrock. The gravel is passed back into the machine's stomach, in an endless series of connected buckets reaching out before its long snout. The gold is washed out. The tailings then are dropped in a continuous thin stream from the end of its long massive tail.

The monster lurches forward day and night, opening the pool in front of itself and closing it behind. It is used for about 40 or 50 years, always near the place where it was made. Where it has passed there remain only dreary windrows of gray rock. When it has eaten all there is, it may be dismantled and set up elsewhere. Otherwise, it is just abandoned. During frozen winter, it sleeps.

Surprising as it seems, there's now a new wrinkle in the business of amassing gold. In some parts of the world there have been attempts to grow gold. This innovation may bring back the old individualistic days of the Gold Rush. It has been found that the common horsetail weed is greedy for

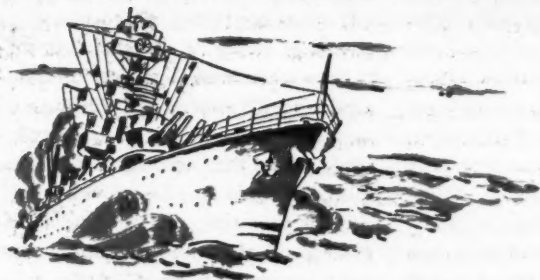
gold. If grown on land which has a small gold content, the plant will concentrate the element in its roots, leaves and stem. A ton of ripened horsetail — when burned — may pan out as much as four or five ounces of gold. This treasure is valued at 35 dollars an ounce. The horsetail also is being used as a guide to gold-bearing soils.

The fact that there was gold in California is the fundamental reason why our nation now stretches, secure and solid, from sea to sea. And the Rockies might still be a comparatively unexplored region beyond a mythical but still-dreaded "Great American Desert" had not George Jackson panned out gold in Colorado in '59. Where the gold miner has gone, civilization has followed.

Says an authority who, under his proper name, is one of the world's leading experts on gold: "Gold is the one universal medium of exchange honored throughout the world. It is recognized and held good alike in the shops of Calcutta, in New York, London or Berlin, or in the deepest jungle. And it is the only medium of which this may be truly said.

"With our gold, Hitler would have the world in his grasp. But we have it instead. It won its place through long ages of evolution by the test of survival. It is the only substance that meets all the tests for a universal medium. It is comparatively plentiful. It is durable, homogenous, divisible, transportable and easily recognized. Think of another such element if you can."

We can never reconquer our losses if the battleship is eliminated—so says one of our Navy's saltiest veterans



A Brief for Battleships

by VICE ADMIRAL J. K. TAUSSIG, USN (Ret.)

EDITORS' NOTE: *Of late Coronet has made a practice of scanning publications which are somewhat off the beaten track—publications such as those catering to specific professions. One of them—Our Navy—contained a wonderfully salty plea by Admiral Taussig on behalf of the battleship. Written in answer to over-enthusiastic advocates of air power, it struck us as something which would be of vital interest to Coronet readers. Accordingly, Coronet asked Admiral Taussig to restate his opinions for us—which he was happy to do. Now Coronet warmly invites reader comments on the article—either agreeing or disagreeing with the Admiral's case for the battleship.*

IF WE ARE to be reasonable and logical in our endeavors to ascertain the relative importance of aircraft, surface craft, submarines and land forces in carrying out modern total war, it will be necessary for their advocates to throw aside prejudice and to judge the whole picture in a perspective which considers each element in its relations with the others.

Not any one of these four types

alone can win a war, as is claimed by some, principally the air force propagandist. Nor can any two or three of them do the job. All four components are necessary, and in order to insure success, all four must be coordinated into one huge machine, so commanded that efficient cooperation is assured.

Does anyone imagine or honestly believe that Japan could have captured the vast island empires in the Far East and the strongholds of Singapore, Manila and HongKong, if their control of the air had not been followed up by control of the sea; which, in turn, permitted the landing of armies throughout this vast area? The facts are that Japan captured these possessions not through air superiority alone but because they had air, sea and land superiority. We have only to look at Malta to understand this. Close to the shores of Italy, from which thousands of land based planes have at-

tacked during the past four years, the Island nevertheless remains in British possession. And -why? Because the Axis powers did not have undisputed control of the sea.

I am one of those, contemptuously-called "Brass Hats," who still believes that the dreadnaught or battleship is one of the most important factors in naval warfare. Its day will never come to an end unless all nations agree by treaty to make it so; and even in that case the most powerful floating craft retained will, of course, take its place and act in its role.

The fact that most of the active combat operations are being performed by aircraft and submarines and the lighter surface craft has led the public to believe that battleships and battle cruisers are of no further use. Accordingly, their potential value is not generally understood.

It is well known, of course, that some few battleships have been sunk either by bombs, or torpedoes, or gunfire, or a combination of two or all three of these destructive weapons. But no consideration is given to the great toll incurred by the enemy through the loss of aircraft, submarines and surface craft in causing this damage.

In other words, battleships, if properly screened with aircraft and light surface ships, are still able to carry out the objectives for which they are built. Most of those now in service were built prior to this war, and in consequence, do not possess all the defensive qualities needed to meet the recent great developments in aircraft and submarines. This has been recog-

nized in the design of our new battleships. However, in the first of these which are now in service, there was still a lack of appreciation of the great advances made in bombs and torpedoes when vessels of only 35 thousand tons displacement were authorized and built. When it was recognized that the necessary defensive qualities could not be provided in a ship of that size, we went to a displacement of 45 thousand tons and now, according to press reports, ships of 60 thousand tons are contemplated.

IN THE Battle of Midway, we were taking offensive action against the enemy for the purpose of defending one of our bases. We did defend the base but, as the greater part of the Japanese fleet escaped to fight another day, it is surprising that this should be considered a great victory. However, if our battleships had been stationed within striking distance of this battle, I am convinced that, with the initial damage done by aircraft, which undoubtedly resulted in a loss of speed, the entire Japanese force would have been annihilated.

We lightly pass over the great loss of aircraft in attacking surface craft with an equanimity that is entirely unwarranted. The Battle of Midway resulted in far greater loss in aircraft and aircraft carriers than to the other surface craft—and, leaving out Pearl Harbor, where our battleships were not prepared to defend themselves and where the harbor defenses were also unprepared, a greater number—proportionately—of carriers, cruisers,

destroyers and submarines have been destroyed or severely damaged than of the battleships.

Yet the propaganda is all aimed against the latter.

In the last war, it was our battleships at Berehaven in southwest Ireland and the battleships of the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow and other bases that permitted Allied destroyers and cruisers to escort convoys across the Atlantic. If it had not been for those battleships—even though they never fired a shot—the enemy surface raiders would have annihilated our convoys, our troops and stores would have been destroyed, and we would have lost the war.

We now read of huge convoys reaching the ports in Great Britain and Russia and in the Persian Sea. Whether or not battleships are performing active escort duty is never divulged. But we may rest assured that the battleships are lurking somewhere within striking distance—a fact which is well known to the enemy and prevents the use of their large surface craft in raiding operations, because

Vice Admiral Joseph K. Taussig (Ret.) is the son of a naval officer and the father of a naval officer, being the "middleman" in a family which has followed the calling of the sea for eight decades. Since his appointment to the Naval Academy by President Cleveland, in 1894, Admiral Taussig has served in important naval commissions from the time of the Spanish-American War until the present war. He has been awarded numerous medals and citations for outstanding service, including the Purple Heart (for service in the Boxer Rebellion) and the Distinguished Service Medal (World War).

the risk involved is too tremendous.

If the Japanese did not recognize the great potential value of the battleship, they would not have made the raid on Pearl Harbor. The Japanese knew that the only way we could save the Philippines was for our fleet to arrive there in greater strength than their own before the fall of Manila. They knew that this would be impossible if they could sink or disable a number of our battleships. Accordingly, they undertook the great risk of the Pearl Harbor raid simply because our battleships were based there. When the whole truth finally comes to light, I am confident it will show that it was the damage done our battleships which prevented sending relief to MacArthur and resulted in the loss of the Philippines.

The United Nations have lost to Japan a great part of their colonial possessions in the Far East. Now suppose (and of course this supposition is made only for purposes of illustration) the United States must send one million men to the Far East in order to conduct an offensive campaign. And suppose we omit for the present the immense amount of shipping that is required to get these one million men and their equipment, food, ammunition, stores, mechanized parts, oil, etc., to their destination. In order to keep this expeditionary force operating, we must transport across the Pacific two tons of stores per man per month. For a million men this means *two million tons of stores per month*. Suppose each vessel used can carry five thousand tons—

this means that every month not less than four hundred vessels must leave the United States to support these million troops. As the turn-around time will be at least three months, and as we must expect a percentage of losses due to enemy action, there will be required for this service alone *no less than 1500 ships*.

These ships must be escorted by aircraft and surface vessels. Do you suppose for a moment that these convoys can get through if exposed to raids by Japanese battleships and cruisers in addition to the attacks by submarines, aircraft and light surface vessels? Such an expeditionary force can only be successfully supported if our own battleships are so disposed and in sufficient strength to make

such raids impracticable ventures.

I am convinced if we and our allies do not get our battleship force to the Far East in greater strength than that of the Japanese, we will never be able to reconquer our lost possessions.

I hope that we will complete all the battleships of the 45 thousand-ton class now under construction. I regret that decision has been made to discontinue work on the larger ships which have been authorized.

And I am convinced that, before this war is over, the people of this country are also going to regret this decision—unless they are willing to let Japan retain possession of the empires which she has wrested from us. We can never regain them by conquest if the battleships are eliminated.



Assassins' Paradise

THE ETHICAL standards of Japan's first Emperor, Jimmu, who is reputed to have reigned 2600 years ago, appear in a story of a banquet to which he invited 80 of his enemies. A gorgeous feast was served by butlers, one standing behind each guest to see that his wants were supplied. At a given signal the butlers drew their concealed daggers and each killed his man, thus at one blow destroying the leaders of the Emperor's foes.

THE JAPANESE TACIT approval of suicide, or harakiri, is paralleled by a tolerant attitude toward those who resort to assassination as a means of political control. The assassination is designed as a protest against practices or policies of which they disapprove, and the traditional code requires that the assassin should immediately commit suicide as an expression of his sincerity. Tombs of popular assassins are often decked with flowers and they are favorite places for pilgrimages. In order to stop this public glorification of the deeds of misguided zealots, the government issued an ordinance forbidding costly funerals and other posthumous honors to such criminals.

—JESSE F. STEINER IN *Behind The Japanese Mask* (Macmillan)

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he seven o'clock whistle has just blown, but already Julia has donned her working clothes. Here she is being interviewed by Carl Knoke for the B&O magazine.



mid-morning finds out Julia gloved and goggled, heating the red-hot thunderbolts in long-handled tongs. Mighty Thor, the mythical god of thunder, would surely be amazed at her dexterity.



When noon rolls around, Julia, who was excited about being photographed, remembers that she forgot to pack a lunch! Here the boilermakers come to her rescue.



"Carry your package, lady?" Julia's mother brings home the groceries, and Julia herself, who has changed her working clothes for the Red Cross uniform, is on the job to help with dinner.



Julia's mother taught her to speak Hungarian, and now it is Julia's turn to teach. She is spending her evening at home tonight—with a lesson in citizenship.



Julia, who wrote her first play at the early age of eight, sits in the middle of the living room floor with her typewriter. This play (her latest) is almost finished. She has called it "Toby."

Home Front Hero

Salute to Skill

Torch singer, rivet-heater, playwright, Gold Cross ensign and War Bond salesman: that is Julia Orosz.

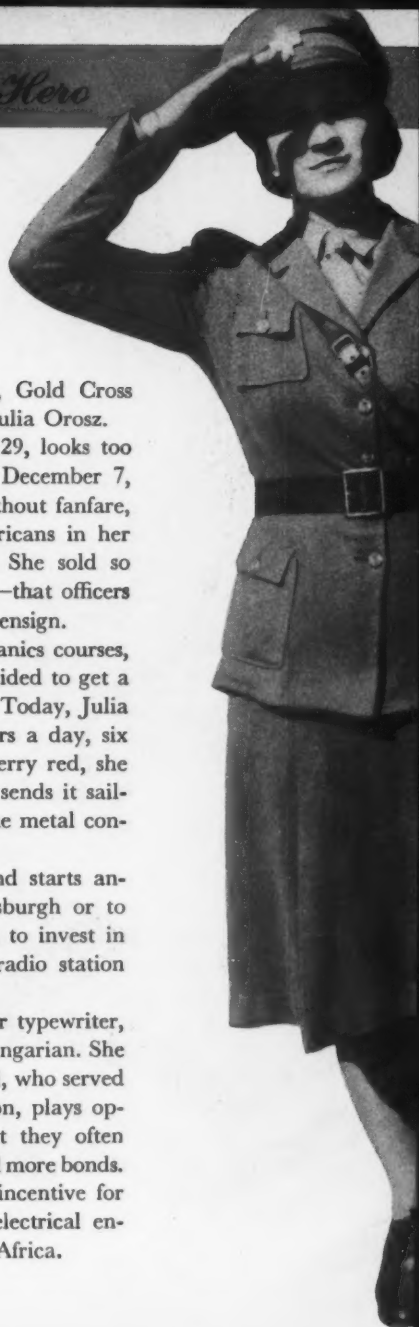
Julia a pretty, dark-haired woman of 29, looks too small to handle all these jobs. But after December 7, 1941, she enlisted on the home front. Without fanfare, she began to speak to foreign-born Americans in her home town of Glenwood, Pennsylvania. She sold so many bonds—10 thousand dollars' worth—that officers of the Memorial Gold Cross made her an ensign.

Then Julia took first aid and auto mechanics courses, and joined the Ambulance Corps. She decided to get a job in the B & O Railroad repair shops. Today, Julia stands before a glaring furnace eight hours a day, six days a week. After heating rivets to a cherry red, she grasps one with a pair of long tongs and sends it sailing through space to land squarely into the metal container held by a husky boilermaker.

At three p.m. she leaves the plant—and starts another day. Sometimes she travels to Pittsburgh or to small Ohio towns, urging Hungarian folk to invest in bonds. She sings Hungarian songs over radio station WKST to spur War Bond sales.

And sometimes she bangs away on her typewriter, writing plays which she translates into Hungarian. She plays the lead herself; her brother, Michael, who served in the Army until he was injured in action, plays opposite her. These dramas are simple, but they often move the audience to tears—and they do sell more bonds.

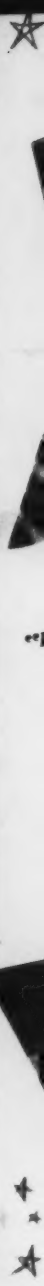
Patriotic as she is, Julia has an added incentive for her war work. Her sweetheart, now an electrical engineer, is serving with the armed forces in Africa.



Hollywood Story



"An actor? What's that?"





"Yes, I have a hobby. It's ice cream."

"In the movies I like
Mickey Rooney and
Mickey Mouse best."



"When I grow up?
I wanna be a man."



Precious Property

by SIDNEY CARROLL

IN HOLLYWOOD they say he is a "great big hunk of kid." They mean that he is an especially precious piece of property because he will make a great deal of money for his employers. His name is Jack Jenkins, commonly known as "Butch," and he is five years old.

From long experience Hollywood knows that there is real pay-dirt in youth. A little child, the right sort of child, can lead them all at the box-office. Throughout the short but frantic history of the cinema, the names of Pickford, Rooney, Durbin, Temple, lead the top money-makers of all time. To that charmed circle, the mentors of M-G-M hope to add a towheaded, freckle-speckled kid named Butch Jenkins.

His career was pure accident. Thousands of children are groomed for the theatre from the moment they say "da." They are combed and curried, bleached and beautified, taught to elocute and to sing and dance—and then hauled to Hollywood. Butch was never one of these. He was meant to live the simple life, far from the maddening theatrical crowd. He was minding his own business in his own back yard, watching over the couple of ducks he considers his most priceless possessions, when fate—more capricious than usual—turned him overnight into probably the most famous five-year-old in the world.

It so happened that William Saro-

yan wrote a story called *The Human Comedy*, and Director Clarence Brown started to make a picture from it. The main characters were the three sons of the Macauley family. Brown had the middle son, Homer, in the person of Mickey Rooney and the oldest son in newcomer Van Johnson. But he had nobody to play Ulysses, the youngest of the three. First he interviewed hundreds of child actors. Next he invaded the nurseries of Hollywood. No dice.

He was ready to abandon the search when his secretary told him that she had often noticed a little boy who lived next door to her. She didn't know his name but he looked like a cross between Rooney and Johnson and definitely had a way with him. Brown found him, took one look and exclaimed "Ulysses!"

Not until the child arrived at the studio did Brown learn that he was the son of actress Doris Dudley and the grandson of famed dramatic critic Bide Dudley.

Butch Jenkins, an overnight sensation in *The Human Comedy*, carries his honors lightly. For a young man worth several hundred times his weight in gold, he hasn't let his head be turned. He still thinks a nickel is just about the most money there is. His attitude towards the fantastic world at large may be found in the direct quotations which appear below his photographs on the facing gatefold.

Miniature musicians tune their tiny instruments. Then the downbeat and the Baby Symphony renders Bach with the best



Symphonies in Short Pants

by DORON K. ANTRIM

SHOULD YOU HAPPEN to be outside the Wurlitzer Auditorium in New York City some Saturday morning, the sound of tuning instruments might intrigue you to step inside. But if you expected it to be a prelude to a special concert by possibly Toscanini and his cohorts, you'd be due for a surprise.


On the stage, row on row in formal black and white, is an orchestra all right, but—you rub your eyes—what an orchestra! The players are tiny tots from one and a half to six. They're busily tuning equally tiny instruments: violins, violas, cellos, harps, drums. Curiosity gets you by now and you decide to see it out.

The hall is full, for the concert is about to begin. The concertmaster, a beaming blonde of six, rises and announces the first number. "*Chorale*," she enunciates in a childish treble, "from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony." She then mounts the chair podium and

raises her baton. An expectant hush steals over the house. Down comes the baton with a sweep, followed by a surge of sound. You're amazed as the piece progresses for these children play in real tone and tempo. The conductor acknowledges the hearty applause with a low bow.

She has hardly taken her seat when a little chap from the rear row almost runs to the center of the stage to play a solo on his pint-size violin. "Next is *Gavotte* by Bach," he pipes. "I will play it. My name is Russel Hart. I am five years old." And by way of a program note adds, "Bach had 19 children and they were always having a picnic." Unconscious of the laughter—an audience doesn't frighten these youngsters in the least—the soloist adjusts violin to chin in the Kreisler manner, launches into his number and plays it through with relish.

"Sonny" Steiner, five, now takes



over and leads the musicians in *Old Black Joe*, which he says he likes best of all the Stephen Foster music. Stokowski has nothing on Sonny who conducts without score, as do all these youthful maestros. Next follows a violin, cello and piano trio, Schubert's *Cradle Song*, and your wonder grows at the sure, expressive manner in which these youngsters play.

Another tot of five rises to lead the orchestra. As she gets into full swing, she spares no motions, mindful only of the fun she is having. For conducting is the high spot, and everyone gets a chance at it. Thus the concert proceeds in the best symphonic tradition until the concluding number—when there is a mad scramble for the nearest ice cream parlor.

ALEXANDER BLACKMAN, New York music instructor and former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, fathered the first Baby Symphony over 12 years ago. Recent commercial offers to Blackman and his troupe include 65 hundred dollars a week for a theatre tour, tempting bids from radio sponsors and three thousand dollars a week from a department store in Philadelphia. Due to child labor laws, among other difficulties, all have been turned down. The musicians' union vetoes any commercial radio work. As a result the orchestra appears only in the Wurlitzer Auditorium and for occasional benefits, for which it has raised thousands of dollars.

Surprisingly, this miniature Philharmonic is not made up exclusively of musically gifted children. It has

some, of course, but also a number of just average kids. Blackman claims that any normal child can be taught to play a real instrument before the age of six.

For years only a child prodigy tackled regular-sized instruments. They were too big for tiny hands uninspired by musical genius. In fact most children under six do not know how to read English, much less music, and lack concentration and muscle coordination. Blackman envisioned small instruments, and planned to teach reading as well as music—and make it fun. He believed that by conducting and playing in an orchestra, a child would unconsciously acquire the coordination and concentration.

His theories proved correct. Of more than 800 children who have played in his orchestra, a great majority have been promoted one or even two grades on entering public school, and all have made consistently high records. Music instruction has not only given these tots a head start in music but in mind too.

Blackman got his idea when his own youngster was two. He noticed that Bertan had a natural liking for good music and would tune it in unerringly on the radio. He had a small fiddle made and taught the boy by ear. Progress was easy and rapid. Then it came—why not try out other children and get up an orchestra?

* No one considered it possible and the going was slow and discouraging at first. To hold the attention of a toddler for three consecutive minutes, Blackman had to keep the lessons

lively. With a handy supply of lollipops and ice cream, he interspersed music and instruction in reading with stories and refreshments. Through ingenuity, superhuman patience and with the aid of mothers, who attend lessons and oversee home practice, he finally got together his first children's orchestra and gave a concert. A movie short followed and commercial offers began to pour in. He has had a children's orchestra every year since.

Blackman found that this musical activity acts as a conditioner for all types of children. A father brought in a two-year old quite aptly nicknamed "Jumping Judy." "She hasn't sat still for five minutes in her whole life," despaired her father, and Judy verified the remark. Blackman put her on drums. At the end of a two-hour session, she was still sitting by her drums wanting more. "It's a miracle," said her father.

Another miss of three was so shy she scurried to cover when a stranger looked in her direction. Other children frightened her. She was thin and underweight and had to be forced to eat. The doctor recommended music and she was brought to Blackman. The first lesson upset her so she didn't sleep that night and her mother almost gave it up—but didn't. In three months, the child had picked up in weight, was doing solos before an audience, leading the orchestra and playing normally with other children.

One of the most striking examples is that of an incorrigible boy who was brought to Blackman at the suggestion of a psychiatrist. His mother ex-

plained that he broke windows, turned on the gas unless watched constantly and dominated other children so they refused to play with him. He too was put on drums. For the first time in his life he was able to expend his energy constructively, and at the end of two months his parents had no further trouble with him.

Many alumni of Blackman's orchestra have already distinguished themselves, not only in music but in other fields. Ronald S. Liss, 12, pulls down around 500 dollars a week at NBC as a child actor. He still plays the fiddle, but the confidence and stage presence he acquired in the orchestra made him a natural for radio.

At three, Jimmy Colton, with a terrific 1. 0., was one of the orchestra's all-round geniuses. He could tap dance backward up the stairs, write poetry, sing arias, roller skate and play Bach on a sixteenth size fiddle. Today he is in the movies.

Richard Priminano made his debut in Town Hall at seven, and David Nadien at 13. Both are now launched on promising concert careers.

From Blackman's experience in training children have come certain convictions. He believes that the formative years from two to six, usually given over to haphazard play, can be made much more productive.

"Music is the ideal activity for this period," he says. "Emotionally, it provides a safety valve. Mentally, it produces alertness. And culturally, it is a lifelong companion.

"Yes, Plato had the right idea when he said every child should have music."



Do You Remember

When there were "light dishes" at each meal, to act as appetizers?

That was in England, in 1350 . . . or is that too far back for you?

Maybe this will refresh your memory: for one favorite "light dish" take fair pork and dates and mince them. Add green cheese and egg yolks thereto. Ginger and cinnamon, a goodly amount, are next and all is mixed well and baked with a hard covering of boiled yolks.

Do you remember now . . . and heave a hearty sigh of relief that you live six hundred years away from such an *hors d'oeuvre*?

Meal of the Month

Sometimes you hear a man say he is as hungry as a hound. That means he's *hungry* . . . and so, these days, are most of the hounds. War is worse, in some ways, for four-legged creatures than for two. There is less they can do about ending it, or at least alleviating its inconveniences.

A while ago I wrote a book about a few such alleviations, both human and canine, and in it I told of an unattractive but rather useful concoction called sludge.

Sludge is a slowly cooked mess of ground vegetables, whole-grain cereal, and, in the original version, chopped red meat. (And as ugly as it sounds!)

I learned of it from a man who ate

nothing else, with apparent benefit, for a whole year in college: it held all the essential proteins, vitamins and such, and cost about 50 cents a week. Since then, he and I and many others have been feeding it to our dogs and cats, on the theory that what's good enough for man is good enough for his friends.

Now, obviously, ration points have influenced the first delectable mess . . . and in answer to a lot of worried questions, here is my compromise with fate, war, and canine hunger.

Once a week I prepare as many vegetables as my ice-box will hold, and then cheat the compost-hole by grinding all the outside cabbage and salad leaves and hearts, celery and carrot tops, parsley stems and so forth, along with a pound or so of carrots, a couple of onions and garlic cloves, and any tired or overgrown beans, peas, tomatoes . . .

I cover this amply with water, simmer it for two or three hours, and then stir in enough whole-grain or "fortified" cereal to make a solid porridge. (It costs anywhere from 15 to 75 cents weekly per animal, depending on your V-garden.)

I have been feeding my dog on sludge for a year now, and his coat and frame of mind are equally glossy.

The cats eat it grudgingly, and I do what I can to make it more tempting: sprinkle a little ground

meat or fish over it, or a tablespoonful of wheat-germ; heat it with a little soup; put a little cream on top if the cats look too long-suffering . . .

Dirty trick, no doubt, but so is war . . . and even this emasculated sludge is better than most ersatz pet-foods, in spite of their labels.

So . . . strictly from hunger, hounds,
Bon appétit!

Welcome, Christopher!

We're a pretty hospitable people . . . always have been.

These days we like to pull out the last can of baked beans, or fry the last pullet, for a hungry newcomer.

A few generations ago, out on the prairies, there was always room for a wanderer, and hot cider and johnny-cake, and food for his horse.

And when we had our first real visitor, on the 12th of October, 1492, and Christopher Columbus stepped ashore with great thanksgiving, we welcomed him like good Americans, and gave him of our Indian delicacies: corn bread and roasted lizard!

Straight from the South

There are as many recipes for "real" cornbread as there are people who have had (or like to pretend they've had) old Southern black mummies to make it for them.

Most of the recipes are more than vague, supposedly because the o.S.b.m never measured things, but just tossed in pinches of this, handfuls of that, because they couldn't read.

Now I too had an old Southern black mammy once, for about six

months . . . except that she was twenty-five, from Chicago, and had not yet savored the mixed delights of mothering her own or anyone else's children. She could read, too . . . everything from Plato's *Republic* to the latest copy of PM, with an occasional Ellery Queen "for relaxation," as she explained it mildly.

It is quite true, though, that she never used recipes. Why should she, when they were all in her handsome intelligent head? But she was willing to let me take her dictation, while she tossed pinches of this, handfuls of that, with traditional nonchalance.

Here is her rule for cornbread. It came from her mother—so she *said*.

Rachel's Pone

2 eggs
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons melted shortening
2 teaspoons salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 scant cups cornmeal

Beat eggs, add milk, then fat (bacon grease tastes good now and then). Sift dry ingredients and add. Stir well until batter is "not too thin, not too thick," and very smooth. Pour into well greased pan and bake about 25 minutes in hot oven (425°).

Of course you can be persnickety about the meal . . . have it stone-ground, or white, or dark yellow. But this recipe will always be good.

Then, so is the pone that comes in a package, all ready to mix! That could hardly be better . . . I suspect Rachel of having sold out to the industrialists every time I open a box.

—M. F. K. FISHER

*Like a page from an international melodrama
is this graphic account of the role that
Germany's beauties play in the Third Reich*



Sirens of the Swastika

by BELLA FROMM

NAZI GERMANY has not produced any Pompadours or Maintenons. Women are indispensable pawns in the Nazi game, it is true, but they seldom attain spectacular stature.

On the other hand, the Nazis are using women for political purposes to an extent unequalled by any government or political regime in history. But it is not the human value in women that they exploit; it is pure sex degraded to its lowest aspect.

This "sexual materialism" has been developed to a real state machinery, almost as important as propaganda. It is systematically directed by the entire administration and by the highest authorities of the Third Reich.

The role which the Nazis have reserved for women in public life is that of spying. The work is carefully blueprinted and is under the special direction of Ribbentrop and Himmler.

These women spies are called the

"Blonde Battalion." Chosen for their physical attractiveness, they are usually between 18 and 22 years of age. Members of the "Blonde Battalion" are admitted to the Gestapo school in Altona, near Hamburg, and after completion of their training, they are sent out to perform their work as efficient machines, with rigid discipline and precision.

While many women have been useful cogs in the Nazi machine, their allegiance to the Nazi cause does not insure them permanent places of esteem in the Nazi dynasty. An example illustrating Nazi gratitude is the ephemeral career of the dancer LaJana. She was ordered to use her charms as a bait for Polish key personalities and thus pave the way for one of the most atrocious crimes in history. After the necessary period of elementary instruction, the lovely young woman served a term of ap-

prenticeship in Germany where she fished in the waters of Polish diplomatic circles. A young member of the Embassy staff in Berlin became her ardent lover. He accompanied her on her frequent stage tours to Poland, which were a pretext for the spying she did in obedience to Berlin.

In the fall and winter of 1939, after Poland had been "blitzed" to pieces, LaJana was sent to Poland to entertain the occupation armies in their hours of leisure. One day, it was reported that the beautiful dancer had suddenly died of pneumonia. "The rough climate killed her after a short illness," commented Heydrich. To a friend he said: "LaJana was a master agent; she knew too much."

For secret service and espionage, the Nazis choose as many elderly and plain women as they assign young and prepossessing girls. There is some work for which the Nazis deem very young girls unsuited, for fear of romantic entanglements which might interfere with the execution of their tasks.

As a matter of fact, it was largely middle-aged women who were used as stepping stones in Hitler's climb to power. They were the ones who introduced him to international and domestic society, and provided money for his campaigns.

Among those who fell for his magic in the earliest stage of his career was Frau Viktoria von Dirksen. This elderly and plain-looking woman became one of Hitler's earliest social mentors. Shortly after the death of Frau Viktoria's husband, the Nazi-struck widow Dirksen presented Hit-

ler and his gang to old court society in the German capital.

Her husband's death in 1928 became the green light for Frau Viktoria to ride ahead on the bandwagon of the new brown mob. Her dignified salons, ablaze in the full light of the chandeliers, became a scene of a great society-farce. Here the big shots of the rapidly growing Nazi party bent over the hands of noble ladies; they clicked their heels smartly when their beaming hostesses introduced them to nobility and royalty.

In Viktoria Dirksen's house, the Nazis met Siegrid von Laffert, her beauteous niece, an attractive, tall Valkyrie with blond hair wound into heavy braids, who moved in circles of highest and most exclusive society with easy poise. After 1933, she became a useful tool in the hands of the Nazis. They gave her the necessary training before they sent her to Paris as special agent to exercise her charms in the service of the Fatherland. She graduated, so to speak, the night she was put to the test at a soiree on January 30, 1934, in honor of a group of high-ranking French officers at the

When the great inflation after the last war wiped out her inheritance, Bella Fromm became social columnist for a Berlin paper, and confidante of the Diplomatic Corps in the German capital. It is from her intimate knowledge of the inner circle in Berlin that she has written this exposé for Coronet. Her new book, Blood and Banquets, gives such an accurate picture of Nazidom that, reports have it, Gestapo agents were sent to this country to kill or kidnap her. Fortunately, the FBI apprehended them first.

home of Monsieur et Madame Andre Francois-Poncet.

Blonde Siegrid was surrounded by the handsome young officers resplendent in their multi-colored, gold-braided uniforms. Siegrid made her choice amongst the French representatives and attached a young horseman to the powerful strings of her irresistible charm. Cunningly she induced him to take her to France for a romantic trip. The proud lover was flattered by her eagerness to know and see each nook of his beloved homeland. Tenderly amused by her childish passion for the camera, he helped her find interesting and unusual angles. Between hectic days and romantic evenings, Siegrid gathered a collection of snapshots of fortresses, highways, seashores, airfields—everything that her companion had pointed out to her.

SIEGRID WAS CAPABLE in her work, but even more outstanding in smartness, wit and charm is Edit von Coler. As attractive as she is efficient, her activities as salon agent in Rumania preparatory to its seizure by the Nazis were phenomenally successful.

In 1938, when Berlin had hinted to a willing Rumanian government that a pro-Nazi minister was desirable, Radu Djuvara was obligingly assigned to the post. Already at that time, Hitler's plans were blueprinted. From the cream of the "Blonde Battalion," golden-blonde Edit von Coler was picked to get her well-groomed claws on Rumania. The German chief of protocol hurried to introduce her to the new Rumanian minister. Fasci-

nated by the charming socialite, Radu Djuvara arranged a gala dinner in her honor. Radiant Edit, emanating affability and charm, conquered all male dinner guests in general and a young attaché in particular. Soon he became wax in her hands. Headquarters had taken care to provide Edit von Coler with the alibi of a press agent for her trip to Rumania. As special correspondent of the *D.A.Z. (Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung)*, Edit set out for Bucharest. The young attaché obtained a leave by his Nazi-inclined boss and escorted his mistress.

He introduced the lovely woman to influential people, innocent in his possessive pride. Soon, however, he was rudely awakened from his state of bliss. Edit showed an over-eager interest in Rumania's army officers. She coaxed information from the officers, astonishing them by her inquisitiveness. With the scales suddenly fallen from his eyes, the young attaché rushed to obtain an audience from the Rumanian minister of propaganda. The latter listened to the report, to the self-accusations and urgent warnings—and turned the young man down. He said that the charges were unjustified—that they were prompted by jealousy. Abruptly he dismissed the desperate boy. What the young attaché did not know, of course, was that the minister himself had succumbed to Edit's charms.

But that wasn't the end of the story. The minister was foolish enough to tell the lady of his heart that her young man had become wise to her. Edit, Nazi-trained, acted swiftly. An ur-

gent telegram signed by Minister Djuvara recalled the attaché to Berlin. He never reached his destination.

Yes, Edit was successful in Rumania—as she had been in both Paris and Berlin. She snooped with satisfying results in the salons of Bonnet, Reynaud, Blum and Mandel.

Even the daughter of Italy's quondam "Great Dictator" played into the hands of the Nazis. In fact, Mussolini can to no small extent thank his daughter for his present inglorious position. The Nazis perceived great possibilities in Edda and her husband, the Count and Countess Ciano, so far as Mussolini was concerned. They bent backwards to please them and to cultivate them. Their efforts were rewarded. Ciano and Edda through their influence on Mussolini did their share to bring about the axis between Italy and Germany—which in turn brought about Il Duce's downfall.

The Nazis knew the right approach to Edda and her Count. They made the best of his fondness for blondes. When in Berlin, Ciano spent long hours with Magda Goebbels, who has lovely blonde hair and ice-cold grey eyes. In addition, the prettiest and most alluring representatives of the "Blonde Battalion" were placed at his disposal. Edda was treated to an equally good time. Her weakness was the strong, the masterful, the brutal Nordic men.

Ciano and Edda took each other for better or for worse. Ciano's family, of recent nobility, was not looked upon by the old aristocracy of Italy as genuine. This lack of family lustre

fired him with an inordinate ambition for political success and prominence. Edda provided this political position in her father's ministry.

EVEN IN THE northernmost corner of Europe Hitler for many years had a female admirer espousing his cause, Mrs. Bergliot Ibsen. She is the daughter of the Norwegian poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson, and widow of the late Premier of Norway, Sigurd Ibsen, the only son of Henrik Ibsen.

In February and in March of 1933, Mrs. Ibsen gave concerts for the Nazi *Winterhilfe* (Winter Help) in Berlin, the proceeds of which were known to be used mostly for secret armament purposes. She came to Berlin at the invitation of the Nazis who celebrated her as a great singer. This flattered her vanity, for she no longer enjoys prestige anywhere else. Since the German occupation of Norway, she is back "home"—and a frequent guest at the Nazi Legation in Oslo.

With all the intrigue and espionage for Germany, some of it worked the other way round. Very much to the surprise of the outraged Nazis, it was discovered that three ladies employed in the Berlin War Ministry were indulging in a bit of espionage for the benefit of a country hostile to Germany. It seems all three of them were smitten by a Polish military officer and turned over to him political information, maps and war plans to which they had access. The Polish officer, Jurek von Sosnowski, had approached the three baronesses, Benita von Berg, Renate von Natzmer and

Irene von Jena, simultaneously. He succeeded in making all three of these women fall for his eloquent charm.

All went smoothly until one night, following an impish caprice, the Polish officer gave a dinner party, and for the first time the three ladies were invited in a group. Looking their best, each one arrived at a given address. Dinner was announced. The three baronesses had taken their seats. Unfolding their napkins with dainty fingers, a sparkling piece of jewelry had caused delighted gasps. The wine had loosened the last inhibitions of the ladies; the party was in full swing when the doors opened and the horrified baronesses found themselves confronted by a body of the Gestapo. Together with their host they were carted off to prison. The counter-espionage had been at work, waiting in ambush for the dramatic opportunity. Baroness Irene got away with a lifetime penalty. The other two women were not so lucky. One sunny

morning, in the courtyard of the War Ministry, the two rivals were put against the high, cold wall. At a command, the firing squad took aim.

The Polish count, after a year spent behind iron bars, was sent back to Poland in exchange for a German spy who had fallen into Polish hands.

Despite the glowing promises he made to the women before he became Dictator, Hitler gave them exactly the opposite of what they had been told to expect. He deprived them of all rights for which they so valiantly fought from 1919 to 1933. Forgotten were the golden promises.

All the goodness in German womanhood has gone down into the filthy sewer of the New Order in Germany. Why the German women suffer all that Hitler despotically forces upon them, without revolting, is a psychological mystery.

What keeps them in this hypnotic trance? What shaking event must occur to stir them out of their stupor?

No Alternative

CURRENTLY making the rounds in Hollywood is this story of Louis B. Mayer, chief of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Passing the Douglas Aircraft plant one day, he was impressed with the skillful way in which it was camouflaged. As soon as possible, he called Douglas and asked to be connected with the camouflage expert. After a short speech praising his work, Mayer asked the Douglas man to camouflage his studios. The camoufleur declined with thanks.

"I'll give you a contract. I'll even double your present salary," persisted the film tycoon.

"I can't do it," was the answer.

"But why not?"

"When you camouflage a factory," replied the expert, "you must have an alternate target. And—Mr. Mayer—the alternate target for the Douglas plant is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

—JULES LEVINE

Minnesota's ex-governor, Harold Stassen, is one young man who's likely to prove that there's life in the old grey elephant yet



Young Man with a Future

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

IF YOU PLAN to pick a winner in the presidential sweepstakes for some forthcoming election — more likely 1948 or 1952 than 1944—a good bet would be 36-year-old Harold Edward Stassen, three times governor of Minnesota and now Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Navy. Shrewd men of both parties sense real presidential timber in him and many will privately admit we are likely to see him in the White House—some day.

For the times to come will demand prime courage, ability and ideals—and Stassen has shown repeatedly he's got the stuff. He has that kind of arresting personality which involves much more than ordinary leadership or administrative ability—the kind of personality which enables him to master opposition by persuasion rather than by beating it down. Lincoln, incidentally, had the same quality.

Some people seem to feel that when

Stassen gave up the governorship of Minnesota to serve his country in the armed forces, he “got out of politics.” They say he should have stayed in the ring, making patriotic speeches and stepping up the war-endeavor in his state, meantime shrewdly constructing his fences for presidential elections to come. But they really don't know the man.

The fact is, Stassen isn't “out of” politics, because he never really was “in,” in the accepted sense. From the time he licked the old machine in Minnesota and took the governor's office without a promise to one of the “boys,” he has devoted himself primarily to statecraft. That means he put first the business and science of government for the public welfare, not the exploitation of public trust for his own political aggrandizement.

Let's turn back the pages and see what has been achieved by this young

man who has attracted national attention to an unusual degree.

In 1937, when Stassen was 30 and had made a remarkable record as county attorney in South St. Paul (a turbulent industrial district) for seven years, a group of ardent young Republican admirers started to boom him for governor. Old-time politicians haw-hawed and put up a couple of "regulars" to run in the primary. They were crestfallen when the youthful candidate swept the ticket with a plurality of 291 thousand.

Stassen campaigned with all the zeal he showed as county attorney when he fought and licked strikes and crime. Night and day, by radio, in the open air, before clubs and mass meetings, he crusaded for government of the people and not of the payrollers. His promises were definite—he would throw out the grafters, introduce economy, balance the budget, encourage business, reduce unemployment and restore rule to the people. When election returns were in, he was revealed the winner by a vote of 678 thousand.

THE MOMENT he stepped across the capitol threshold the housecleaning began. He threw out six thousand useless payrollers, denuded the highway department—a particularly luscious political plum—of its grafters and paid up old accounts. He made every state office go on better than a cash basis: not only was a department required to have cash on hand with which to discount its bills, but it was required to operate on a budget ap-

proximating 10 per cent below its appropriation, in order always to be sure of being in the black and to provide for any contingencies.

In a little over a year this political neophyte had taken Minnesota out of the red, had struck out against political spoils and succeeded in eliminating the patronage racket completely. Thereby hangs a tale.

In his campaign the supposedly naive Stassen had promised the people to simplify the government structure and to make it pay its way. When the legislature convened, he laid before it his plan for a complete reorganization of the state set-up. As he met with the old-timers of politics, many of them gray-haired veterans of the legislative halls, he seemed more boyish than ever. They refused to take him seriously.

But the public had listened to Stassen in his campaign and backed him now. A tide of opinion that no legislator could withstand swept in, and before the houses adjourned the revolutionary law had been passed. The 64 overlapping and overmanned boards, bureaus, departments and agencies, with purchasing decentralized and no budget control, were reduced to 12 major divisions of government, with the head of each one an appointee directly responsible to the governor, and with all employees under civil service.

In Minnesota it soon became popular to save the state money. When honest business men found no kick-in was required, they bid on contracts for roads and public buildings at un-

heard-of low prices. Efficient department heads found they could achieve amazing economies—cloth for prison-guard uniforms was bought at \$1.10 instead of \$2.25 a yard, and office staples which had cost 85 cents a box were secured for 16 cents.

Office workers became so enthusiastic about the crusade for honest government that they would work all hours. Residents of St. Paul became accustomed to the strange sight of lights gleaming in capitol offices until midnight on hot August nights—employees of the state were toiling not only for Minnesota but for "Harold." Office boys would drop into the executive office with the query, "Is there anything more we can do to help you out, Governor?"

Another noteworthy achievement by Stassen during those first memorable months was the reconciliation in Minnesota of capital and labor. There had been continuous bickering, strikes and violence for years, and a rural bloc at that legislative session was all set to pass an extreme anti-strike law. Stassen called in the leaders, told them that one abuse didn't cure another, and appealed for the passage of a law of the Scandinavian pattern—providing for a labor arbiter, a 10-day cooling-off period before a strike or lock-out could be put into effect, and a further 30-day delay, with a citizens' committee seeking a settlement of the issue at stake in that time, where a public utility or an essential service to the public was involved.

Although a majority vote had been pledged for anti-strike legislation,

Stassen's plea turned the tide and his bill was passed.

Within a year the number of days lost by strikes had dropped 90 per cent, unemployment had been cut in half, building in large cities had gone up 50 per cent, and payrolls had jumped 40 million dollars a year. As arbiter, Stassen appointed a printer, the former president of a typographical union. He proved a whizz—capital being as fully satisfied with his service as labor.

At the same time Stassen went out to collect back taxes—only by agreement instead of by legal action. He talked to out-of-state firms and told them that technically they might escape taxation but morally they owed for benefits received. One firm which had claimed it didn't owe a cent of tax agreed to pay 40 thousand dollars. In the first year he collected almost 300 thousand dollars this way.

TWO YEARS before he was elected, Governor Stassen was an unknown. A year later he was a national figure, acclaimed by the 120 thousand members of the National Junior Association of Commerce as "one of the 10 outstanding men of the United States."

Twice Stassen returned to the people for election as governor, and each time they sustained him with handsome majorities. In an area leaning to isolationism, he proclaimed the necessity for America to become a part of a world association of nations. What's more, the people, in large measure, have accepted his formula. In a poll taken by George Gallup last

May just as Stassen resigned from office to enter the Navy, 62 per cent of the people of Minnesota agreed he was presidential material.

Stassen has often shown his fearlessness and resourcefulness — ace qualities for the presidency. Once a gang of agitators who had run roughshod over the state for years decided to test the fiber of the young governor. Without warning, a crowd of them marched on the state house. A committee went in and dared Stassen to come out and speak to them. Outside a mob of upwards of a thousand jeered him. He addressed them as fellow-Americans, talked courteously and convincingly to them—inside of 15 minutes the skeptics were cheering him.

This was not because Stassen is another Patrick Henry. He does not have the fire or readiness of speech of Willkie. In fact he doesn't win people by oratory or emotional appeal at all—but by straightforward presentation of facts and ideas. He does not sweep a crowd off its feet. He just makes it think somehow—and remember.

Stassen has the advantage of the common touch. He was born on a truck farm and from childhood has known the meaning of hard work. As a boy he did chores, worked in the field and carried papers. He entered high school at 11 and graduated at 15. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota and then its law school, as a store clerk, bakery helper, bookkeeper and sleeping car conductor. Yet he won speech contests, captained the rifle team, was president of three societies and an

editor. Out of law school and 22 years old, he was elected county attorney.

Easy to meet and with an uncanny ability to remember names and faces, Stassen is a huge, blond fellow, who stands six feet three and weighs 210 pounds. He goes out of his way to make everyone feel at home in his presence, and the sight of his modest bungalow where his wife cleans house and takes care of their two children is reassuringly normal. Stassen is a religious fellow, although he beats no tom-toms and seems to avoid any appeal to church people for votes. But since childhood he has been active in religious affairs—even met and married his wife in church. He was vice-president for one year of the Northern Baptist Convention—a denomination with millions of members—and now is president of the International Council of Religious Education, which represents nearly 30 million church members in the United States and Canada in service to youth.

NATURALLY Stassen is not faultless, and like everyone else has probably bungled the job at times. A veteran reporter of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, surveying Stassen's career on the eve of his joining the Navy, said that maybe he had been "too merciless with the old guard. Some of his party's leaders were willing to go a long, long way to cooperate with him, if he'd have let them." He continued:

"And the result might have been helpful to his administration. Stassen has been accused of taking no counsel but his own. And it is true a little

advice on some occasions would have saved him from mistakes."

But it is fair to say that Stassen is emerging as a competent leader in the new world which the war is forcing upon us. He has no delusions about a Utopia, but he does believe in and urges a post-war allied government, with a world-wide code of justice and an international police force to administer it. He believes an effort to set up the necessary machinery should begin now. Here are some of the highlights of his program:

"Maintain the United Nations set-up after the war, first to keep the Axis disarmed and policed, and then to establish a world parliament or legis-

lature, which shall enact a basic code of justice between nations. This shall be accompanied by a United Nations Court to interpret such law, and an adequate police force to enforce it."

In all probability, Stassen will return to public life even a bigger man because of his service in the armed forces. Years to come are bound to be difficult, requiring the services of an extraordinary leader. And Stassen is that. At 20 he showed strength; at 30 he was a national figure; at 40 he will have attained, I believe, the stature required for the Presidency.

By 50 he may well be in the White House, ably serving America and the World Parliament of Nations.

The Miraculous Dice

TWO BROTHERS in Wallenstein's Imperial Army deserted camp one night and sneaked off to their home, near which the company had bivouacked, for a forbidden visit. Their absence was discovered, and when they returned early the following morning, they were thrown in the guardhouse on charges of desertion.

The penalty was death, but the lads' superior officer made an impassioned plea that General Wallenstein pardon them as they were first offenders and sorely needed in the ranks. Unmoved at first, Wallenstein at last relented and ordered that but one of the brothers should die. Between them they must determine which it was to be. Each begged so hard for the other to be spared that there was no deciding until an officer tossed a pair of dice on the table and suggested that the one who rolled high should live.

One brother threw. Both dice came up with a six. Nonetheless the General commanded the other to roll, though bettering the score was impossible. The lad obeyed. Everyone was watching tensely. A six showed on one dice; the other hit the wall, fell to the floor and split into two parts. One half showed a six, the other a one. Thirteen in all!

Stunned at the miraculous turn of events, Wallenstein gave full pardon to both boys. And in a museum at Prague there rests to this day a pair of yellowed, age-old dice which saved a life

—OTTO EISENSCHIML

London Letter

—London (by cable to Coronet)

AS PROBABLY IS inevitable in wartime, there's substantial interest in spiritualism in England, especially among the many families who have lost husbands or sons in the war. This interest has been given considerable impetus by a series of articles published by the *Sunday Pictorial*, a large mass circulation tabloid, and written by Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who headed the fighter command during the Battle of Britain.

His thesis, that lost air pilots still live, started a spate of morbid speculation which has been taken up by a number of fly-by-night weeklies. You can see them on the newsstands, usually in the working class districts of London, displaying huge headlines such as "War Dead Come Back." Curiously enough there seems to be no great boom in mediums, fortune tellers and the like. Superstition that the war dead are still living is strongest among the survivors of air battle victims. It seems to be fed by the comparative unreality of air combat and the fact that many lads lost in air operations are initially posted as "Missing" and then later "Presumed Dead" due to the fact that so many go down over the sea and it therefore can't be stated with hundred percent certainty what happened to them.

Among airmen themselves there is the strongest tendency to assume that

somehow their missing comrades have got down alive—a feeling constantly reinforced by a series of miraculous escapes. There is the psychological factor that airmen seldom see actual death except among bomber crews and even then not too often.

As a result, pilots very seldom speak of anyone being a casualty. It is usually just said "so-and-so isn't around any more." By the time there's official confirmation of the casualty, enough weeks or months have passed by so that in the day-to-day life which airmen live, the feeling of loss becomes negligible. Both British and American pilots are highly ingenious at figuring out ways in which their comrades may have come off okay even though they may have seen the plane spinning down wreathed in flames with a half dozen Focke-Wulfs on its tail.

There is a surprising or possibly not-so-surprising amount of sympathy among the ordinary men and women of England for the sufferings of "Ham-burgered" German cities. When they read of raids on Germany five or six times as heavy as the heaviest they suffered, it makes a kind of shudder run up and down their spines.

Not that there's any serious sentiment against bombing Germany but there is some shock, like that of a heavyweight fighter who has been hard-pounded and suddenly sees his fists pummeling his opponent into a

bloody pulp. There is recognition that bombing must go on as long as the Germans won't give up, but there is definite revulsion against the hurt which must be inflicted and an ill-defined wish that someone would throw in a towel and allow the slaughter to be ended.

English crowds take to American baseball much more readily and rapidly than to football. This is probably because they're familiar with basic baseball through playing Rounders, which is the British version. "One Old Cat" football on the other hand seems very slow to them, compared to rugby or soccer football, and also much encumbered by rules. The English particularly admire American fielding—both catching and throwing—as well as heavy American slugging. A movement has been started in the Letters-to-the-Editors column of some English papers to speed up cricket along the lines of baseball. It's a safe bet that nothing will come of this. The same agitation started in 1917-18 but cricket at Lord's is the same game.

In contrast to the United States, the British Army has elaborate programs for educating troops, especially about America. A constant succession of lecturers, British and American, are conducting open forums for British troops explaining the differences between the two countries. Questions which Tommies ask most frequently, outside of the obvious inquiries about the two forms of government, are: "Is it true that Americans all have fine houses, hot and cold running water and chromium fittings like in the

movies?"—"Do all Americans make a lot more money than Englishmen and how and why?"—"Do American women wear the pants in the family and how come?"

It usually comes as a shock to Americans to find that West End luxury hotels still maintain service at close to pre-war standards even after four years of a war which has made the rest of England one of the world's drabbest, shabbiest places. The best London hotels still have ample room service, waiters, valets, dining rooms with good orchestras, white linens, gleaming silver and china. Food is another thing—looks good, tastes good, but an hour after eating you're hungry again. The reason why luxury hotels are allowed despite war strain is mostly psychological—it gives men on a few days' leave from bomber stations or just returned from six months in the desert a chance to relax in something like peacetime comfort before taking off again.

Girls whose boys are in England needn't worry about their interest going astray. Every American Red Cross worker in England has heard time and time again the plaintive demand from GI's at the clubs and hotels: "We want American girls. English girls are nice but they aren't American girls." Most Red Cross clubs have a handful of American workers but the bulk of girls at dances are bound to be British. The average GI would toss over a half dozen dates with English girls for an hour's talk with any girl from back home.

—MICHAEL EVANS

*Tijuana, orphan city of the border,
is currently gambling its existence on
a gray shade of the black market*



Souse of the Border

by CURTIS ZAHN

A GRAY SHADE of black market is on the boom below the border. Once again, swaggering, staggering Tijuana is cheerily absorbing an invasion of U. S. dollars unseen since the gay old 1928's. Again California merchants are outraged, and customs officials harassed. Even OPA eyes are beetling at bordertown.

Reason: after long, lean grasshopper-picked years, Tijuana is once more making it easy for *touristas* to "eat, buy, drink or do everything that is outlawed in the States."

The plot is the same but the victims have changed. Gone are the low-slung Dusenberg phaetons and their portable bars of yesteryear. Gone are the Hollywood celebrities who rolled down *Avenida Revolución* to fabulous Agua Caliente. Instead, tired aircraft workers and bored men from the armed forces come in droves—despite the fact that money must be changed

into two-dollar bills and coin. They come despite restrictions, and red tape too, because below the border you can still get it if you know how.

Tijuana is tightrope-walking the international line of official endurance, but that line probably will not be drawn. It could. Geographically, economically—perhaps morally—the town is an island of 10 thousand souls, many of them lost. If the border gates snapped shut, tourist trade would vaporize and money would stagnate and Mexican merchants would fold in unison.

If el Señor Prentiss Brown's OPA so ordered, supplies could be halted, and the swashbuckling township would be alternately starved and frozen within weeks. Nor could its families evacuate, for they depend upon *Los Estados Unidos* (The United States) for gasoline and rubber also. In short, Tijuana is encircled—a veritable U.S.

colony, owned, ruled and run by *Americanos* "for their own amazement."

Tijuana has few loyal friends in the States. American promoters and American customers complain and ridicule. Moralists from coast to coast have continually held it up as the "height of lowness." Their complaints are understated. Since 1812, when the "Rancho" was granted to two Mexican soldiers, Tijuana has made a specialty of sin. It has become not a jumping off—but an ending-off place for the non-conforming dregs of humanity caught between two countries. A parasitic population of gamblers, fugitives and escapists are stalled in its encircled wastes. It cannot live from the fat of the land but exists from the fat of tourist trade. Tijuana's short life-cycle is measured in terms of attacks upon the U. S. dollar.

The current campaign is the sale of gasoline, coffee, meat, butter and shoes. But U. S. law has held up a halting hand. Ration stamps are now collected at the border, and new rules laid down daily. Today's war wind-

fall is on the wane, and tomorrow may bring the bleak destitution with which bordertown is long familiar.

Nevertheless, Tijuana's plight is no international incident. In truth, it is more civic jealousy. Tijuana sold liquor so cheaply after repeal that California merchants made it unlawful to bring it across the line. That law is still in effect. Tijuana sold perfume so cheaply that State merchants bombed the duty-free law. Tijuana merchants sold everything so cheaply that California once passed a rule whereby all money must be changed to Mexican. The resulting confusion would have finally stopped tourist trade, but Mexican officials quickly changed back. Today, Mexican coin or currency is still rare in bordertown.

Tijuana is an orphan. It is hardly more Mexican than it is American. Both its parent—and its foster parent—look upon it with awe, wonder and genuine anxiety. Its sprawling city limits occupy more area than Los Angeles but the entire Baja California peninsula has less than one-half the population of San Diego. Tijuana's struggle for survival has been stoic, wicked and adolescent. It is unfortunate that the birthrate of its cattle and vegetables has not kept pace with the birthrate of its children.

Structurally, Tijuana is set up like any other American city with a tourist fixation. The *Avenida Revolución* is gaudy and tawdry with nighteries, curio stores and importers. Here you will find "La Chic" perfumery still selling the aromas stocked up before war. Here you will find the "Aloha"

Although Curtis Zahn's articles cover a variety of subjects from cabbages to kings, he admits that he is in rarefied atmosphere when he can do an article like this one. Born in Detroit 30 years ago, he has lived in California most of the time since. He believes the world needs "go betweens" to show this cult how the other cult lives, and his ambition is to sell opera to jitterbugs, capital to labor, Democrats to Republicans—and Tijuana down the river.



and the "Mona Lisa," perennial military objectives of the boys in the armed forces. Tragic tenors send their songs rolling out onto the sidewalks through loud-speakers, day and night, while demoralized dance bands pound out jute by the silo. Swarming the terazza walks are the pushcart people with *tacos*, Mexican cigarettes (six packs for a quarter), cactus candies and "feelthy postcards."

The "longest bar in the world" squats strickenly in the main section, half of it inhabited by curio stalls since repeal. The venerable Foreign Club and Honold's of South America stand aloof with their private parking lot and petty grafters who have learned politeness. Pedro and his striped donkey are always here. The photographer too, and the rickety wooden cart—only colorful sight on the street and phony, no less. You'll find Sammy's Bar nearby, and if you knew your Agua Caliente when Rita Hayworth entertained as a no-name dancer, you'll remember that dramatic showman with the baton. Caliente is now a government vocational school with four hundred boarding students. Cattle forage in the wilderness that once was the golf links, fattening up for tourists short on red stamps.

But even cattle may become fixtures. U. S. customs collect ration coupons from American buyers of beef.

The annual fires, as seasonal as the rains and far more significant, have razed the main section of Tijuana time and again. Upon each occasion, American contractors, American materials and American designers have

quickly re-created what is known as the "business" district. The architecture is a corny marriage of Mexican Aztec and Hollywood modern.

The side streets are where Tijuana residents do their shopping. Here, if you speak the lingo dogmatically, you can get it for half price. The streets are summer dust bowls and winter mudholes. The stores are shabby little grease spots, smelling of meat, leather and dust. The air is kept in circulation largely by the united buzzing of countless flies. To the west are countless shacks, overwhelmed by huge families which in turn support huge families of grotesque dogs. High on the hill sits the public school, flanked by the huge sign advertising Johnson distilleries. To the south are Agua Caliente and the *Plaza de Toros*, where third string matadores goad fourth string bulls that fight—if they fight anything—boredom.

FARTHER SOUTH you'll find el Señor Barbachano's Rosarito Country Club, a corny carbon of Caliente, which is going strong. It is here that you find "Private Pancho" piping his phony Pidgin-English ("Thees ees your ver' good frand Pancho, no?") over station XERB. To the informed, Pancho is the physical exemplification of bordertown. His lingo, ("For you I now play hot tune by Meester Bennay Gudeman!") carries all the romance that Tijuana lacks. Of course, neither Pancho nor Tijuana is authentic, and both know it. But thousands of listeners in the States do not.

To the east—bordering El Molino

Rojo, largest and finest brothel on the West Coast—is the river. On the river stands Lake Rodriguez, American designed and built, but named after the great ex-presidente (1932-1934) who, along with El Barbachano, owns big slices of Baja California. Rodriguez is governor of the peninsula. Rodriguez owns the Ensenada cannery (abalone, shrimp, fish). Rodriguez owns the coastal merchant marine, which consists of the steamer Santo Tomas, period. The presidential bus line, which sells ad space (*Tome Pepsicola*) is another Rodriguez enterprise, however humble. The governor is credited with owning practically everything that Barbachano does not own, including a dominating share of the latter's radio station.

WHERE DO THE "Mexican" shoes, ropes, baskets, silverware, carvings come from? Well, the popular leather huaraches, for instance, come from the state of Oaxaca in southern Mexico. Thus, huaraches must travel by train, truck and wagon over the devil's own playground. Other merchandise is not so fortunate. It must first be shipped into the U. S. from Mexico, then back to Tijuana.

The import routes are stranger still. European cameras and woolens and perfumes are landed at New York City, shipped across the U. S. by train, then hauled by truck to the bordertown. Asiatic imports are landed at Seattle and entrained for the border. Yet, despite this, they actually are less costly in Tijuana because of its status as a "free zone." The famous

Tasco silver, the hand woven sombreros, mats, ropes; the crude glass and pottery arrive by dubious routes from nearby communities. But then all Tijuana's connections with the outside world are dubious.

Mr. Gerald Mokma, of the *Consulado Americano*, will frankly tell you this. It seems that whereas American tourists have for years shopped in Tijuana, bordertown families have shopped in the States for at least as long. Able Mr. Mokma points out that canned foods and furniture, clothing and eggs, fruits, vegetables and tools are cheaper in San Ysidro, California, U. S. A. In brief, there are few things other than gin and sin and novelties that sell for less in Tijuana.

For this reason a new OPA problem has arisen. Rationing has caused confusion. At the moment, OPA has two or three plans underway, and one of them dramatically pounds home the point concerning Tijuana's islandic status. It is a system whereby every bordertown family would be given U. S. ration coupons. Flow of "essential" products across the line would be halted. Mexican residents would join the lines of U. S. citizens in U. S. stores, bogged down with the perplexing points.

Tijuana knows which side of the border its bread is buttered on and it long ago took the necessary war steps, mimicking U. S. policy to the letter. But its war is mostly mental. Some years ago, a Tijuana businessman told the writer that he hoped U. S. wouldn't get involved because "we can't afford it." Yet Tijuana

deported the Japanese to inland cities six months before Pearl Harbor. The aliens have not, of course, been interned. Their fishing boats were bought at fair prices, and they are free to roam the inland cities. The Mexicans are proud of their liberal, honest dealings with minorities. They consider themselves minorities.

But the war effort is mostly a gracious gesture. If Uncle Sam says thumbs-up, Tijuana raises its soft, olive fingers. If Uncle says dim-out, Tijuana temporarily throws Señor Barbachano's *Telefono y Luz* company into depression. If Uncle says to save gasoline, Tijuana limits you to a permit for 16 *litros*, although there is nothing to stop the motorist from recrossing the border and returning later for more. If Señor Roosevelt says "defend the coast," Mexican soldiers and their wives camp on the beach for the

duration. If our OWI encourages discouraging the Axis, Tijuana's 10 radio stations blat out the proper slogans, provided they can sell enough American advertising to pay for it.

But still a little thing like war in Europe or Asia doesn't frighten Tijuana nearly as much as the threat of some new customs rule.

War's windfall has come but it is here today and gone *mañana*. The town is fattening but its belt is still tight. "*Manana—quién sabe?*" The citizens shrug. If business starts to wilt, they can always turn on the sin. They can always invent a new play and hop across the international checkerboard two jumps ahead of starvation and U. S. law.

There must always be a Tijuana, for—as one eastern tourist fittingly remarked—"It is one of the United States' most interesting cities."

One Good Term Demands Another

ASKED BY HIS HOSTESS at a social gathering to explain his theory of relativity, Albert Einstein obliged her by recounting this parable of the blind man:

"I was once walking in the country with a blind friend of mine. It was a hot day, and I mentioned that nothing would taste better to me than a nice cold drink of milk.

" 'Milk?' questioned my friend. 'Drink I know, but what is milk?'

" 'A white liquid,' I answered.

" 'Liquid I know, but what is white?'

" 'The color of a swan's feathers.'

" 'Feathers I know, but what is a swan?'

" 'A bird with a crooked neck.'

" 'Neck I know, but what is this crooked?'

"Thereupon I lost patience. I seized his arm and straightened it. 'That is straight,' I said, and then bending his elbow, 'that's crooked.'

" 'Ah!' said the blind man, 'now I know what you mean by milk?'

—LOU WALTERS

Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To Clifford Goldsmith, whose balmy brain-child, Henry Aldrich, is something for radio to be pretty proud of . . . To Gregory Zilboorg, for his book, *Mind, Medicine, and Man*, which is about as good a primer on Freud as you can find . . . To Nelson Rockefeller, who seems to know exactly what he's doing . . . To *The Ox-Bow Incident*, which is one of the best, and bravest, movies in a long time . . . To Somerset Maugham for that anthology called *An Introduction to Modern English and American Literature*. A terrible title but a great collection, and all for the fabulous price of 69 cents.

Thorns: To the wartime advertising which makes your mouth water for the manifold industrial blessings of the post-war world. The high-pressure prose leaves you with the impression that on the day after the armistice you'll be able to buy a helicopter, a glass kitchen, a set of life-long tires, and all the other boons of the brave new era of tomorrow. We'll have all of them eventually, but why not advise the customers that they won't be available on the day the war ends, or the day after that, or the day after that?

Hollywood in a Hurry: No matter how black things may be, you can rest assured that the Hays Office is

doing its best to keep the world sweet and pure for you.

For a scene in *So Proudly We Hail*, Veronica Lake was to deliver this line about the Japs: "May they all be damned in Hell!"

The Hays Office killed the line. It suggested as an alternative: "May they all be condemned to purgatory!"

All Fronts: The day Tunisia fell, Lloyds of London started quoting insurance rates on cargo ships going through the Mediterranean—for the first time since the fall of France . . . In Paris most Frenchwomen go bareheaded and barelegged. Only the wives of Germans and collaborationists can afford hats and stockings . . . In the subway stations of Paris, daily-fresh posters announce names of hostages shot the day before.

Strictly Personal: Baron Mannerheim, "Liberator" of Finland, did not learn to speak Finnish until he was 50 years old . . . *Mission to Moscow* was the name of the plane that took Joseph E. Davies on his second trip to Russia, but if the crew of the DC-4 had had their way the plane would have been christened "The Kremlin Gremlin" : . . . Thirty years ago in Georgia, Father Divine was examined by a lunacy board. His name was entered on the records as "John Doe, alias God."

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Gallery of Photographs

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LOUIS WILLIAMS
BERNARD SILBERSTEIN
EDGAR EVIA
THOMAS LAKE





Little Show

JOHN RANDOLPH FROM NANCY HUL PRANZ



FRANZ BAUMEISTER, SWITZERLAND

Good Morning, Dear Teacher



The Angelus

ERNÖ VADAS, BUDAPEST



APRIL RONNY JAKES FROM BLACK STAR

Song of the Machine



Birdmen's Welcome

CARL HANSEN, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

CK WRIG



ALAN WRIGHT, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Rationed Holiday



Long Division

MILTON MARDER, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

OLIND,



LV
COLIND, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

False Front



Strange Interlude

BRASSAI, PARIS



PA MYDANS, RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

Mito and Mane



As We Were

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR FEDERAL ART PROJECT W. H.



by W. H. BILLINGS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Giants in the Land



Private Worlds

LOUIS WILLIAMS, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

HARD



INOL EDWARD SILBERSTEIN, CINCINNATI, OHIO

South of the Border



How Long, O Lord

ANTHONY BIANCO, CHICAGO, ILL. PERK



...Y. PERKHAMMER FROM PAUL THOMPSON

... *Pleasure Cruise*



Sanctuary

EDGAR EVIA, NEW YORK



*Heap high the farmer's wares, heap high!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!*

—WHITTIER, *The Harvest*



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Flag talk points out friend or foe during war. And the U.S.'s zooming need for new Old Glories swamps the modern Betsy Ross



Sewing on the Stars

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

OUR FLAG is flying all across the world today. New ships, new armies are carrying it to the Solomons, the Aleutians, Burma, Italy, India, Australia. And at home in a million windows hang service flags honoring those fighting for their country.

Betsy Rosses by the thousands are sewing these flags. In Army depots, Navy lofts and civilian factories they are stitching away to turn out the Star Spangled Banners, service flags and hundreds of different working flags of the armed forces—signal pennants, ensigns, regimental colors.

Despite their efforts, flagmakers can't keep up with the call. America's biggest firm—Annin & Co.—which turns out a third of all the flags in the country, is eight months behind. So you may not be able to get a new Old Glory to fly on holidays. Your government comes first.

British ships, too, through Lend-

Lease, call on our Betsies for help. When an English cruiser steamed into harbor a few months ago with her ensign riddled by Nazi shot and ripped by a nor'easter through which she had ploughed, she replaced it with a brand new banner sewed in a New Jersey suburb.

Biggest users of flags are our ships—Navy, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine. Flags don't last long at sea. A gale can whip one to shreds in three hours. Even normal weather—sun, wind, rain and snow—will wear out a pennant on one convoy trip across the Big Pond.

Yet a ship must never be caught without flags, for then she is speechless. She can't use radio signals because enemy subs have ears. She needs Colors to identify her and signal flags to talk to other vessels.

To avoid makeshifts, no troopship, munition ship or convoy vessel leaves

our shores without several sets of signal flags. Each unit contains 26 alphabet flags, 11 pennants and three "repeat" flags.

Navy vessels carry many more banners than other ships. Most of these are made in the huge flagloft at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There are the Stars and Stripes—of course—ranging from 23-footers for battleships to two-footers for the little PT boats. A submarine warning: a red flag with a black dolphin on a white diamond. Battalion flags for landing parties. A commission pennant always hoisted while the ship is in commission. The flag of every country to which the ship might sail. A consular flag raised whenever a Consul comes aboard. A flag for every member of the Cabinet. A church pennant flown during divine service—the only flag ever hoisted above the Star Spangled Banner. And a Presidential flag bearing the Great Seal of the United States—raised when the President is aboard ship.

Of all the banners in the world, the President's flag is the hardest to make. A worker spends 35 eight-hour days completing this silken beauty. The spread eagle, shield and trimmings are embroidered by hand with two hundred different shades of silk.

Even more varied than the Navy's assortment is the Army's battery of banners. In this group are American flags in all sizes from the 20 by 38-foot garrison flag to the little three by four-foot standard flown by tank corps and cavalry. There also are signal flags, regimental colors, company guidons,

and officers' flags and special banners for the Field Artillery, Air Force, Engineers, Medical Corps, Signal Corps, Veterinary Corps, Parachute Squadron and Ski Troops. The Marines, too, have their array of flags including the Corps emblem which is very difficult to fashion.

COLORS NEVER WAVE over the battle-field today. Mechanized war with its swift movement and barrage of shellfire has stamped out the custom.

Even in the last war, the Stars and Stripes reached the front only once. That was during the first five days of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, September 26 to October 1, 1918. During this time Color Sergeant Guier S. Wright carried the Colors of the 314th Infantry Regiment through machine gun and artillery fire onto the field and into No Man's Land.

Nobody bothered the Colors then. Nobody would have recognized them. They were just two long sticks with an oilcloth cover concealing something carefully wrapped inside.

That little episode is not likely to be repeated. Yet so strong is the soldier's love and pride in his flag that at this early date of this war he is telling tales of "Old Glory" flying in the thick of battle.

Here's one that's going the rounds now among veterans of the African campaign. During the Tunisian battle, a sergeant, carrying his Regimental Colors, advanced so far beyond his unit that his C.O. ordered him back. The Sarge refused. "I can't carry the Colors in retreat," he said. "If they're

in danger, let the Regiment advance and defend them . . ."

Such stories give a hint of the devotion the flag stirs in the men who fight for it. Men have died to keep it from touching the dust. Long before a flag sees active service today, it receives that same respect. The Star Spangled Banner, as soon as it takes shape from the strips of red, white and blue bunting, never touches the floor. Troughs of wood enclose the tables and machines to keep it from dragging in the dust.

Betsy Rosses—modern style—are numbered in the thousands. But of them all, Mrs. Bertha McAnally best deserves the title. She directs three hundred seamstresses in the huge Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot for the Army. So well does she fill this role that—working night and day—her corps are turning out some two thousand banners a week.

Among their output was the flag that General MacArthur refused to lower during the siege of Manila. "We're stitching another right now," says Mrs. McAnally, "to run up in its place."

Since 1909, when the Quartermaster Corps picked her as its best seamstress and put her in charge, Mrs. McAnally has been making flags for the Army.

Even longer than that span of service is the half-century record of Mrs. Mary Hoffman. She's called "Mother of the Flag" by fellow-workers at Annin's Verona, N. J. plant. Ever since she was a young girl—and she is in her 70's today—Mrs. Hoffman

has been sewing stars on Old Glory.

She helped make the largest American flag in the world. A full city block long and six and a half stories high. A giant so huge that 70 men work several hours simply to raise it over the façade of the J. L. Hudson Department Store in Detroit where it hangs every Armistice Day. As big as 340 normal-sized Stars and Stripes, this 90 by 270 footer contains seven and a half miles of thread and three hundred yards of bunting. It weighs six hundred pounds, cost 2,700 dollars and took 90 people 30 days to make.

Contrast that with the toothpick flag—a little fellow no bigger than a penny postage stamp and less expensive. It's made of paper and flies on a toothpick staff.

BETWEEN THESE EXTREMES, the Stars and Stripes come in all sizes and materials—paper, cotton, wool and banner silk. Some—like the Army garrison flag—are sewn by hand. Most, however, are turned out by factory methods. That little flag your children wave at Memorial Day parades is printed—both sides at once—on huge offset presses. The one you fly from the staff in your front yard is sewed by machine.

Last year flagmakers turned out twice as many banners as in 1941. Five million dollars worth. Nearly three-quarters of these flags went to the government. So many men who make the flags are leaving now to fight under them, that manufacturers are afraid they won't be able to hit that peak again. Therefore, they are

thrusting aside for the duration all kinds of "luxury" banners.

Today, by order of the War Department, service flags are all alike. Blue stars on a white field surrounded by a red border. One of the largest banners of this kind in the world is the all-wool 125-pounder which hangs five full stories from a balcony inside the Marshall Field store in Chicago.

Of course, nobody makes German, Japanese or Italian flags any more. When war came, flagmakers burned

all they had in stock. In their huge files, Annin now have 250 thousand patterns of flags.

Only a few weeks ago, they added another to their stock. A simple one with four vertical red bars representing the Four Freedoms on a white field. The Flag of the United Nations. They're making it in three sizes—two by three feet, 12 by 18 inches, four by six inches. "We are hoping that it will be a best-seller," says C. R. Beard, vice-president.

Brothers under the Skin

A SCORE of European refugees, who had fled some 500 miles through the jungle after the capture of Buna, were taken in by the inhabitants of a native village and nursed back to health. Signal flares finally attracted an Allied patrol plane, but with its heavy load on ground soggy from tropical rains, the ship could not take off. Native chiefs went into a huddle. Soon the signal drums were calling near-by tribesmen. When two thousand of them had assembled they stomped out a primitive dance for three days and nights until the emergency airfield was packed as hard as a tennis court.

SOUTH SEA island natives are rapidly making the transition from boomerangs to bullets. A British sergeant demonstrated the workings of the Enfield rifle to a troop of volunteers and then turned his back to explain the crude target.

Wham! A .303-calibre steel-jacketed bullet whistled past him. "You fool!" he shouted at the nervous Papuan. "You might have put that bullet through me!"

The Papuan grinned and pointed. He had hit the bull's eye

A MERICAN AIRMEN forced down over New Guinea were a little apprehensive, remembering tales of cannibalistic natives. One crew awakened in the morning to find themselves surrounded by a bunch of vicious-looking tribesmen swinging murderous three-foot knives and shouting "Balu! Balu!" (bird). But instead of proposing to roast them on a spit, the strapping native leader stepped forward and said gently, "Too bad balu hurt, bimeby fixum. You come chowchow." Soon the bomber crew were squatting on their heels, eating heartily. Afterwards, native guides led them back to their post.—RUTH MOORE

Portfolio of Personalities

Women of Discovery

by EDNA YOST

WHEN THE STAR of Marie Curie began to shine in the scientific firmament, American women, too, were shedding light on medical, psychological and industrial problems which had long been enigmas in the world of science. Though the honors they have won are many, unfortunately none of their names is as familiar as that of the celebrated Polish scientist.

The thousands of Rosies and Willies doing riveting and welding are happily adjusted to their jobs because of the pioneering work in industrial psychology done by a woman. It was a woman who delved into the touchy problems of occupational diseases and through her research instigated laws protecting workers in dangerous trades. The way has been paved for women doctors by the outstanding achievements of their female predecessors. Housewives may thank a member of their sex for back- and time-saving arrangements of home equipment. And a check on tuberculosis has been perfected by a woman bio-chemist.

On the following pages you will meet five of the women whose names blaze brilliantly in the scientific world.

Excerpts from American Women of Science, published at \$2.00 by Frederick A. Stokes Co., Copyright 1943 by Edna Yost



Alice Hamilton

At the age of 40, a woman research doctor was appointed special investigator to study industrial diseases in the state of Illinois. That doctor, Alice Hamilton, became America's foremost authority on illnesses caused by poisons used in industry.

Starting out as a teacher in the Women's Medical College of Northwestern University, Alice Hamilton made her home at Chicago's Hull House, where one of her first responsibilities was to wash Italian babies in the settlement's basement when she was free of classes. Soon after, she shifted from teaching to scientific research at the McCormick Institute, but found her work too remote from the immediate needs about her. It was then that she came across a book about dangerous trades in England which, from contacts with illnesses in the Hull House district, she knew

were paralleled in the United States.

Thus when Illinois appointed a commission to conduct a survey, Alice Hamilton took up a new life work.

Results of that first year were startling. Seventy-seven different occupations in the state of Illinois alone had given rise to lead poisoning in the two preceding years, yet doctors treating the cases attributed the illnesses either to "too much liquor" or the "wife's bad cooking."

Later Dr. Hamilton was attached to our Federal Department of Labor, and, gleanings facts abroad and at home, she braved some of the hardest-boiled industrialists of a hard-boiled era. Her investigations showed that diseases were rising from the use of mercury, wood alcohol and benzol. She bent her efforts to bring about protective laws, but she was also quick to see humane instincts in a man and help him use them. One plant, for example, revealed distressing conditions, but out in the luxurious white-tiled stables, sleek horses were having the best of care. Acting on Dr. Hamilton's suggestions, the owner brought the working conditions of his human labor up to the standards he had set for his horses.

After the first World War, Harvard inaugurated its department of industrial medicine and called Dr. Hamilton to its faculty—the only woman so honored—where she served until her retirement in 1935.

Today industrial medicine is a recognized field, and in its establishment the now frail little figure of Alice Hamilton towers over the others.

Florence Rena Sabin

It was in a zoology course in her junior year at Smith College that Florence Sabin first knew she wanted to become a doctor. Meeting the necessary qualifications, she was accepted as a member of one of the earliest classes in the then new medical school at Johns Hopkins where, during her four student years, she did an original model of the brain stem, reproductions of which have found their way into medical colleges everywhere. From this study came her first book, *An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain*, published in 1901, a year after she had won her M.D.

After serving her internship at Johns Hopkins Hospital, she received a Fellowship back in the Medical school. This gave her an opportunity to work in the laboratory under Dr. Franklin P. Mall, at whose suggestion Dr. Sabin undertook her now famous investigation of the lymphatic system.

With the excellent facilities Johns Hopkins afforded, she set out to learn what she could about the many tiny vessels which carry the lymph—a fluid which bathes every cell of the human body—of which so little was known hitherto. Her first paper on the early results of this research won her a one-thousand-dollar prize and stimulated further investigation with the result that her name is indissolubly connected with this topic in medical literature for all time.

Recognition of her work led to an appointment to the Johns Hopkins Medical School faculty where she

became the first woman to attain the rank of full professor. Dr. Sabin was not only a stimulating teacher but a fruitful researcher who contributed knowledge on the origin of the blood vessels and the red blood cells.

Part of her work on blood vessels was the discovery of the origin of the type of cell that is characteristic in tuberculous lesions. As a result, in 1925 she was asked to take charge of a laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and work on the problem of how the body builds up resistance to tuberculosis. There she stayed until she reached the age of retirement in 1938.

As Member Emeritus of the Institute, Dr. Sabin still keeps in close touch with this work, but can now devote more time to her reading and music. And especially is she fond of cooking—this warm, motherly type of woman whose whole being breathes the happy sense of completion.



Lillian Moller Gilbreth

At 22, Lillian Moller Gilbreth was a young woman beginning to work towards a Ph.D. in English and Comparative Literature; at 45 she was the mother of 12 and an eminent scientist in the field of management engineers.

When Frank Gilbreth married Lillian Moller, he wanted their marriage to be a sharing of home life and work life. "I couldn't see Frank,"—who prided himself that he had learned bricklaying at the time his family expected him to go to college—"working in my field of literature, so the alternative was for me to switch to his line," explains Mrs. Gilbreth. So this unusual woman became her husband's engineering apprentice, learning all the types of work he used in his contracting business. Even in those early days she began to see the need for the psychological approach to human beings in industry.

As the family came along, the children shared in their parents' work, studying motions to find the One Best Way to do jobs in the home. Motion pictures of the children at work helped their parents solve problems they were actually meeting in industry, as, for example, a project one summer to find the best way to pack soap in boxes. Watching themselves at work they saw how much effort could be saved if both soap and boxes were placed in more advantageous positions.

This was the decade when the term "scientific management" was just coming into general use, and the

two Gilbreths became part of the group of scientific management engineers led by Frederick Taylor.

Today we are so accustomed to the Gilbreth approach in industry that it is hard to believe that only 20 years ago such a thing as trying to fit workers to jobs or jobs to workers from the psychological angle was all but unheard of. Nor do American home makers realize how much they benefit from her ideas, for she has served as expert consultant for organizations that have made an imprint on homes through more efficient distribution of space and better placing of sinks, stoves and other equipment.

Now a widow, Lillian Gilbreth continues her consulting work. In spare moments she writes for the magazines, tosses off an occasional book and keeps up with her grandchildren who, in turn, have to step lively to keep up with her. She is efficient in a very human way.





Florence B. Seibert

Every Tuberculosis Christmas Seal we buy helps finance efforts to control one of America's most dreaded diseases, a project for which Florence B. Seibert made a great discovery. For she is responsible for the purification of tuberculin, the substance which Koch, discoverer of the germ of tuberculosis, had found would, if injected beneath the skin of a person suffering from the disease, give reactions which indicated its presence.

Weighing little more than a hundred pounds, scarcely enough to carry the weight of the medals and honors that are coming to her, Florence Seibert has a happy, eager expression that makes you know she has found life very good. When she begins to move about her laboratory, it comes to you as a surprise that she is lame.

When she was three, she came down in the infantile paralysis epidemic

that hit Easton, Pennsylvania. Nearly two decades later, when she stated her decision to become a doctor, she was urged strongly against it with the argument, "the life of a woman doctor is a hard stair-climbing life." This good advice made no impression at the time. But two years later, in the midst of a research project which she accepted as a means to finance her medical education, she realized that she would be likely to do better work if, as the saying goes, she "used her head to save her feet."

Receiving liberal scholarships and fellowships to Yale, she earned her Ph.D. and went to the University of Chicago as an instructor in pathology. Here she found herself in the same department with Dr. Esmond R. Long, who was heading a piece of work for the National Tuberculosis Association. He asked his young assistant to join him. Ten years of experimentation followed as one by one the problems of separating tuberculin from its impurities arose and yielded to her imagination and skillful solution. At last she isolated pure tuberculin, a Purified Protein Derivative of the tubercle bacillus. In modern health surveys, tuberculin skin tests made with P.P.D. are a sure and inexpensive way of weeding out the suspects.

Here is a great woman bio-chemist who, with a physical handicap from a still unconquered communicable disease, found scholarships to give her the best the world affords in education and has repaid it all many thousandfold in helping to conquer another communicable disease.

Katharine Burr Blodgett

Today in Schenectady a woman research physicist is devoting her time to war problems in the General Electric Laboratory. Though her present achievements are veiled in secrecy, Katharine Blodgett's accomplishments during the last two decades are public knowledge, for it was she who, working closely with Nobel Prize winner Dr. Irving Langmuir, discovered how to make non-reflecting glass.

Dr. Langmuir had found that oily substances would spread on the surface of water to form a film that was only a single molecule in thickness. One day, experimenting with this film, Dr. Blodgett lowered a metal plate into the water. As she did so, she noticed all the film on the water moved toward the plate. When she raised it, not only the first coating stayed on the plate, but another single-molecule layer was retained. That



day was the first time that a way had been discovered to build up layers of molecules one at a time on top of each other.

When these layers are built up 20, 40 or 60 strong, they show vivid colors if viewed by white light—that same phenomenon of a drop of oil reflecting color from the surface of a wet paved street. Dr. Blodgett saw practical possibilities in this and out of it grew a “color gauge” which, by the simple process of matching colors, enables scientists to measure the thickness of any transparent substance within the range of one- to 20-millionths of an inch.

One day in December, 1938, General Electric made the announcement that Dr. Katharine Burr Blodgett had been able to nullify rebounding light rays with the result that pictures framed with glass appeared as if there were no glass at all. Just as (in her color gauge) she had been able to create color at will, she was also able to nullify all reflected light from glass.

Like so many successful women of science, Katharine Blodgett has been able to master a laboratory without losing a home. She lives in a little brick house in Schenectady with a tiny flower garden in the rear. Her fireplace smokes if it is not carefully handled, but it gives warmth and light and comfort under her skillful supervision. Her car recognizes the expert's touch and so do her bridge cronies. And though she has developed a passion for the invisible molecule, she has not lost her appreciation for the visible beauty of a single rose.

Think once, twice, a hundred times before you migrate to Washington. You can chase moving vans, bribe landlords, disown your children and still be left a homeless waif



Black Booty and the Landlord

by GRETTA PALMER

"I AM SIX MONTHS old, quiet and lovable, and have no place to live. My Dad and Mummy want two furnished rooms with bath."

"Lieut. Col. and wife. No children. No pets. No smoking. Want furnished apt. for permanent occupancy."

Whimsy and hysteria mix in the long lists of *Apartment Wanted* ads which run in Washington newspapers. Since the obtaining of mere shelter ranks as heroic achievement in the capital, families planning to move there might first consider these facts:

The government-run War Housing Center invites listings of available apartments and houses, furnished and unfurnished, at no charge. When the last figures were released in August, 1942, there were 6,366 applicants for less than 100 apartments, among which just four were available to families with children. Habitues of WHC never copy an address that has

been in the files more than 48 hours. Anything older is sure to be rented.

A mimeographed circular, sent to all the city's real estate firms, read: "Wanted: An Apartment! By Lieutenant (j.g.) and wife. (No children or expectations.) At once. Anywhere. Any persons giving information leading to capture of the above will be rewarded with the best dinner in town and all they can drink."

This plea was met by realtors with a ringing calm. All renting-agents have at least been offered hundred-dollar bribes for word of an expected vacancy or perhaps received a mailed photograph of a pretty girl, with the message, "Find me a home and I'll be so grateful." One southern agent was approached by a desperate home hunter who had looked up his family tree and appealed to him on grounds of a spurious cousinship.

But the agents, no matter how

venal, cannot answer these appeals. For there are no apartments to be had in Washington. The real estate analyst who made a survey of a thousand apartments last December found one vacancy, which lasted three hours.

Since go-betweens are helpless, home hunters appeal directly to the landlords through the *Apartment Wanted* ads, basing their pleas on an understanding of the landlords' own system of priorities, which runs: men living alone, among whom preference goes first to senators (6 years' tenure), representatives (2 years), WPB and other agency executives (probably for the duration). Army and Navy officers, who may be moved, are less desirable than government-employed couples without children. Last on the list are women living alone or parents of children—who are 4F to any landlord. Along with marital and sexual discrimination there goes a prejudice against smokers (fire hazard), drinkers (noise), Jews (social), old Washington residents (harder to push around).

As a result, a single day's conning of the newspapers brings a haul of applicants who meekly describe themselves as "4 sober adults" . . . "WPB executive (single)" . . . "2 employed ladies (non-smokers, non-drinkers, never wash lingerie at home)" . . . "single Army officer will pay generous cash commission to person locating apartment. Will buy furniture."

The phrase—"Will buy furniture"—means, to the initiated, that the Army officer wishes to participate in the black market for homes.

Rents have been frozen at the 1941

level, but nothing prevents landlord or tenant from renting, at the legal price, to whichever applicant bids for the apartment's "furniture" at the highest figure. A single room's rickety furniture was sold for 1,250 dollars to an executive who dumped it in the lap of a second-hand dealer for 65 dollars—its real value.

At one time undertakers were liberally bribed to give apartment-seekers word of deaths in desirable parts of town; now undertakers are passé—they get the news too late. Whenever a death occurs word of it is flashed first to the coroner's office, where a newspaper district man gets the word. If you can't reach the coroner, the reporter is an advantageous person to know.

GREGARIOUS AND popular persons have a distinct edge in the home-hunting game, especially if they move in Army and Navy circles, for they may hear about officers who are moving away. One well-thought-of device is to pay moving-company employees for early advice: this is considered superior to the common trick of following moving vans to see where they stop to pick up furniture. Until February, janitors were so widely bribed for word of expected departures that the WHC and landlords' associations met formally to devise ways of keeping information away from them.

Often an owner registers his apartment with the Rent Control board at a furnished rate and then moves out the furniture, with the connivance of the tenant, or accepts a side gratuity.

This latter resort is dangerous: if the tenant wishes, he may legally deduct the entire bribe from his rent, and defy eviction. The 15 thousand rent ceiling disputes, on which formal hearings have been heard, include many cases of such double-crossing tenants.

Sometimes there is a game of wits between the landlord and a departing tenant as to which shall name his successor. A few months ago the tenants were ahead: they had perfected a dodge by which the new tenant moved in to share the apartment for a few days—at a consideration. The new man thus became a co-tenant and couldn't be dispossessed. Others formerly made a good thing of accepting lodgers—as many as six or eight to a room. These rackets have been nipped by the landlords' present demands that all leases list the number of persons who will live in the apartment, with cancellation provided if the number is increased. Under this clause a Silver Spring landlord recently moved to dispossess a woman who had become pregnant!

The pressure against rent ceilings has threatened to corrupt government clerks at the War Housing Center. Recognizing their constant temptation to sell inside information, WHC now forbids employees to make or accept outside telephone calls. It has also set up a complex system of triplicate filings of all vacancies, so no one employe can hog news of a find.

If you can pay the money, you may still buy one of the speculators' jerry-built, suburban homes sold at prices uncontrolled by rent ceilings. Sellers

demand one-third of the price cash down and get 16 thousand dollars or more for houses worth, perhaps, half.

Or, if you are a well-heeled home hunter, you can live a breathless life hotel hopping. Big hotels and clubs no longer accept permanent guests and some of them will make you leave after the official three-day limit: but no one can prevent your staying three days at the Carlton, three days at the Mayflower, three days at the Willard and then repeating—always provided you can get into a hotel.

THERE ARE 21 hotels in Washington and all their managers wince when they are asked for reservations. Out-of-town visitors who could not get a room have induced friendly physicians to commit them to a hospital overnight for "observation." Others take a Turkish bath and sleep on until morning—if they have made reservations in advance. More than one chairman of a board of directors has slept on benches in Union Station. Recently one large corporation sent 12 of its visiting officials to Philadelphia (train time two hours and 20 minutes) to get hotel rooms for the night. Intermediate cities were as crowded as Washington itself.

The capital differs from other defense cities in being a white-collar boom-town. The increase in population—around 300 thousand since 1940—is second only to Detroit's.

A Washington newspaper recently reported the home hunting experiences of congressmen from Ohio. Representative John Vorys' apartment

lease ran out and he sent his family home, in despair of finding another. Representative Ed Rowe, lucky fellow, found a house 45 minutes from the Capitol on a strap-hanging bus. Representative Michael Feighan lost priority on his hotel room and had to go back to Ohio for shelter.

A newspaper ad offering a 110-foot yacht "with adequate living quarters for 15 Army or Navy officers" brought nine inquiries from interested groups by 10 o'clock of the morning it appeared. Six senators and seven representatives are on the waiting list of a Washington apartment house. Many government employes live in trailers at Spring Bank Manor below Alexandria; others rent tourist cabins at Penn Daw in Virginia.

AS FOR THOSE who aren't so well off:

When Greta Garbo in *Ninotchka* was shown her Paris hotel room, she asked, "Which is my corner?" and got a laugh. Washington audiences wouldn't laugh today: too many of them are living four and six to a room. A civil service analysis issued in February listed reasons why some government employes had gone home: 97 couldn't afford the living costs; 41 found the transportation problem insurmountable; 20 literally could not find a place to live.

Discrimination against children in the capital's rooming houses is taken for granted; that against women is only slightly less, despite government appeals to landladies to accept girl-tenants, if only as a patriotic duty. Women, they complain, clutter up

the bath-rooms with drying lingerie, use electricity for ironing and make more demands on the telephone.

In a recent month the DHR had nearly 3,000 available rooms listed in Washington, Maryland and Virginia. Of these only 97 were open to women living alone, only 654 to women willing to share.

Those who register rooms-to-let at WHC make their requirements very clear: many landladies, for instance, demand a tall, handsome man who will take them dancing. WHC, a simple clearing house which charges no fee, passes on the requirements without comment. Its investigators do, however, look at the rooms before listing them on their closely-coded cards; tough neighborhoods are never recommended to women applicants.

In January, fire swept and gutted a Euclid Avenue rooming house, killing two. In the ensuing investigation it was found that all the rooms, including the front hall, had been divided by paper-board partitions into cubby-holes: a single cigaret dropped on a wicker chair sent the building up in flames. There are 9,000 rooming houses in Washington of which, authorities admit, only 900 are licensed and investigated; of 4,500 rooming houses with three stories or more only 875 have fire-escapes. A single bed in such a fire-trap rents for five dollars a week; a private cubby-hole for twice as much.

Folks with children discover the tightest discrimination when they seek a Washington home.

Some desperate parents have

blantly disowned their children when they signed a lease; later they moved them in and told the landlord the youngsters were visiting. But the courts have judged that this is a breach of contract and that the landlord may dispossess. He usually does.

Is there a solution in sight? Those who ought to know shake their heads. Government housing projects will put 4,000 more living units on the Washington market by September, most of them in dormitories. But these are offered only to those who have moved to Washington within four months. Four thousand units are not many, in view of the 5,636 applications made to WHC in a single recent month.

Are the landlords happy over the sight of desirable tenants clawing each other to pay them money? Not as happy as you might expect. For one thing, Rent Control—a local District arrangement, distinct from OPA—actually works: to what extent can be judged by the fact that Detroit land-

lords allegedly sent a group of investigators to Washington, heard their report, and promptly raised a fund of one million dollars to fight rent ceilings at home.

Landlords find it pleasant to demand that a tenant be single, solvent, sober, non-smoking, childless, and an executive, in the sweet knowledge that their specifications will be met within an hour. They might find it even pleasanter if prospective tenants were allowed to bid up the rents.

If Washington is not altogether a landlords' paradise, it is, without any doubt, a home hunters' hell. Any job-seeker or dollar-a-year man headed for the nation's capital will be wise to take the clear and unanimous warning issued by those close to the problem:

Don't come to Washington. If you must come, don't bring your family. If you must bring your family, bring a certified check for down-payment on a trashy, suburban home—and a wife who can do her own wash!

The Hymn That Went Wrong

MARCHING ALONG in one of the Crusades, a band of French pilgrims sang a stirring hymn in honor of their knight-hero, Mambron. The tune was so catchy that the Saracens stole it from their enemies, and it is still recognized in the Near East. Decades passed before the French revived the strain—but when they did, it was to twist it into a song of ridicule, scoffing for verse after verse their great enemy the Duke of Marlborough, whom they called "Malbrooke." Before long the tune wafted across the channel, again from enemy to enemy, and English barber-shop quartettes fondly warbled to departing pals that now old favorite, "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." When the same tune turned up again, this time in the United States, it had fallen from respectability completely. Here it has become a brazen chant for midnight carousers, the quavering serenade of the soaks—"We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

—JAMES ALDREDGE

Patron saint to England's thriving movie industry and to Hungarians the world over, Sir Alexander Korda is one-man proof that knighthood is still in flower



Alexander Korda: Knight Errant

by ILES BRODY

CHAUCER WOULD CALL Sir Alexander Korda, London production chief for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and a partner in United Artists, "a very parfit, gentle knight."

However, some 30 years ago Alexander Korda, commoner, was eking out a scant living in his native Budapest by writing newspaper and magazine articles. None of them brought him more than the equivalent of a dollar in American money. Although at the time he hadn't set foot out of Hungary, he wrote extensively about England and English subjects.

Aside from the indignity of a meager wage, he was chided for being an Anglophile. Only recently at a sweltering Hollywood conference, fellow movie magnates voiced the same accusation against him. "Korda," said one of them, taking off his sport coat and beflowered Charvet tie and opening the collar of his polo shirt, "you favor

the British too much. Particularly since you've become an aristocrat."

Korda, one of few Hollywood bigwigs not given to wearing two-tone suits, fancy shirts and rainbow ties, drew himself up in his impeccable Savile Row garment, including waistcoat, and coolly answered:

"Gentlemen, have you read Julian Green? In the preface to one of his books, one man asks another:

'Do you like the English?'

'No,' is the answer.

'The French?' 'No.' 'The Americans?' 'No.' 'The Germans?' 'No.'

'Then whom do you like?'

'My friends . . .'

The English have proved to be Korda's best friends, but then he's done right well by them. Only a dozen years ago, people entertained the notion that no decent moving picture could ever be made in England. Among other insurmountable

obstacles they cited the climate. Korda reminded himself that even Hollywood's sunshine has to be heightened by artificial light, and that most films are made indoors anyway.

So he formed the London Film Company, and in foggy England produced on a tiny budget the epochal *Henry the Eighth*. The picture was remarkable for two reasons—it was the first good film to come out of England, and it was the first movie in which royalty realistically burped to its heart's content, ate with its hands and played cards with one of its brides on a mussed-up honeymoon bed. A curiously beautiful and talented young actress impersonated Ann Boleyn. She was Merle Oberon, Korda's discovery. A curiously unbeautiful but formidably clever actor played the king. He was Charles Laughton, another Korda discovery. The London Film Company overnight was big business.

KORDA'S 50-year life and career is a saga of friendship. He has innumerable friends chosen without regard to nationality, creed, color, wealth or position. It's true, however, that Hungarians are in the majority, and many thousands of them regard him as their patron saint. Korda, although a naturalized British subject since 1937 and a knight of the United Kingdom since 1942, has never forgotten that he was once a minor reporter in Budapest.

He has never been known to refuse a friend in need—or, for that matter, turn down an enemy. Shortly before the war an Hungarian writer, who for years had written poisonous

articles against him, cabled him for a loan of 200 dollars, the price of a steamship ticket from New York to Europe. The next day the man received 500. It's a Korda trick to lend money to people by whom he doesn't want to be bothered again. He gives them more than they can repay and then forgets about it.

Korda is a tall man, panther-like in movement, filled with a nervous energy which he takes out, in part, in a passion for travel. For a half hour's conference in New York, he gleefully hops a plane from Hollywood, dividing his time between America and England, he goes overseas via bomber.

At the outset of hostilities, he asked Prime Minister Churchill to let him fight at the front with other Tommies. "Korda," said the Prime Minister, "you carry on as before with your very valuable services."

From behind thick glasses his blue eyes laugh at you with maddening tolerance and good humor. He is always in dire need of a haircut and gets one only if Merle Oberon, now his wife, begs him to go to the barber.

His eyes were ruined in his youth when he read day and night by the scant light of candle butts filched from his mother, the widow of an estate overseer. At 12 he devoured Tolstoi's *War and Peace* at a single sitting. He used to play a game with the late Sandor Hunyady, the Hungarian short story writer and playwright. When they met, one would greet the other with:

"Elena Ivanovna Popova!"

"A landowning little widow with

dimples in her cheeks," would come the unhesitating reply, "from Chekhov's *The Bear*." The two penniless newspapermen read widely, and knew the classics by heart. Korda had the edge, however: he read most books in the original, for he possessed an extraordinary talent for languages.

DESPITE HIS MOTHER'S supreme Hungarian dishes, he was unbelievably thin and his collar perpetually remained three sizes too big for him. From a too early youth he adored cigars. Today he has them specially made in Cuba, ordering 11 thousand at a time, and keeps them in the humidors of a New York tobacco specialist's store. He smokes all day, chain style.

The young Korda spent much time in the Budapest cafe, *New York*, in its balconied section called "Siberia"—so-named because it was frequented by pretty Hungarian girls who went to Russia before World War I to dance, sing and marry grand-dukes but usually returned broke and somewhat the worse for wear. Korda sat among the outcast girls, writing and sharing his pennies with them.

The oath of a knight is: "I shall maintain and defend the honest adoes and quarrels of all ladies of honor, widows, orphans and maids of good fame." Years before he attained knighthood, Korda silently amended this oath and added to the list all ladies of dishonor, maids of ill fame and men friends down on their luck.

In 1909 he turned to writing about the new art "running photography." In a very short time he was editing a

publication entitled *Movie Magazine*.

This was a four-page affair, pamphlet-size, filled with naive information about the new art, which Korda wrote, edited, corrected, sold and did everything but print. His friends decided that he had taken leave of his senses. Such a talented young writer turning to a fly-by-night business!

Next thing they knew he turned up in Sweden, then the only country that made tolerable films. He had gone to meet the great movie stars, Asta Nielsen and Waldemar Psylander, and to learn technique at the Nordisk Film Company. He learned few secrets but fluent Swedish.

In 1916 he formed a movie company and built modern studios. The men who supplied the money went broke long ago and Korda, who in the interim had made a fortune abroad, supported some of them for years. Only war halted the gratuities.

Korda made few films in Hungary, none of them memorable. His activities cut short by the Bela Kun revolution, we find him next in Vienna, producing and directing for the Sacha Film Company *Samson and Delilah* and Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*. The latter was a success exhibited all over the world. On its merits he got a Hollywood contract as a director for First National at 750 dollars a week. Though *Helen of Troy* was the only notable picture he made there, it led to a job with Fox Films and a still fatter salary.

Korda being Korda, it was only natural that a lawyer friend from his old Budapest days promptly began to

bombard him with letters asking for a job in the movies. Korda sold a "bill of goods" to the company president and the lawyer forthwith became a writer for Fox at a handsome salary. Korda in usual fashion advanced the money for the trip from Hungary, and invited the gentleman to stay with him when he arrived in Hollywood.

After a few rounds of work, the lawyer ran into one of the studio's top executives and struck up a conversation about Korda. "He's a great guy, isn't he?" enthused the executive. "Great, what's so great about him?" asked Korda's friend, proceeding to run his benefactor into the ground. A few hours later he received a "services no longer required" note.

Korda pleaded with the executive to reinstate him. When he over-insisted, the executive disclosed the reason for the man's dismissal. Unperturbed, Korda argued on to point out that intrigue is typically an Hungarian art and that his friend was otherwise a splendid man. The executive remained adamant but Korda found his "friend" a job elsewhere.

When he later lost his own job on the Fox lot, he moved on to Paris, where he produced and directed two

pictures for French consumption, *Chez Maxim* and *Marius*. From there he proceeded to London to prove that movies could be made in England.

Setting out to raise capital for his newly formed London Film Company, he barraged prospective backers with charm, persuasiveness and a near-religious belief in his mission. With the capital gained by these weapons, he built marvelous studios in Denham and undertook large-scale film producing. *The Shape of Things to Come* and *Rembrandt* were products of this period.

He also worked hand-in-glove with a then rather politically unimportant man by the name of Winston Churchill, on a cavalcade drama depicting the reign of George V. The King's death cut this project short, but not Korda's friendship with Churchill.

It is comparatively easy for a foreigner to achieve success in the United States, a country accustomed to foreigners. It is much more difficult in inbred England—and it is doubly remarkable that an Hungarian, with a temperament so alien to the Englishman's, should father that country's movie industry. Nothing less than the genius of Korda could do it.

An Embarrassing Time-piece

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history, the Elgin Watch Company decided to advertise its product on the air. At the conclusion of the premier broadcast, a pretentious affair starring Shirley Temple, the announcer orated at great length on the quality of the Elgin time-piece. No sooner had he finished when the station announcer chimed in and with stentorian voice said:

"This is KNX, 7:30 p.m., B-U-L-O-V-A, Bulova watch time!"

—SHEPARD HENKIN

The world's all-time best seller, thanks to one of its all-time best salesman, is into its second billion copies—and gaining momentum!



Bibles by the Billion

by CHARLES LANIUS

THERE'S A BIBLE boom in America. In spite of paper and metal shortages, manpower and transportation difficulties, the sales chart curve of the world's best seller has taken a sharp upturn and is still climbing.

The war has made Americans Bible conscious. Thousands who formerly had only a passing acquaintance with the Bible are turning to it for comfort and guidance. A high percentage of our armed forces is asking for Bibles. Supplying the demand is proving to be a tough job.

In the United States there are about a hundred Bible societies. By far the largest is the American Bible Society with headquarters at Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York City. Last year the Society sold and distributed 5,371,293 volumes of Holy Scripture in this country. It was an all-time high—the peak of 127 years in business. Another record is expected this

year. Distribution in the United States for the first quarter of 1943 is 42 per cent higher than that of the same period of 1942.

The super-salesman behind this tremendous distribution is Dr. Eric M. North, general secretary of the Society. He is a beanpole of a man with horn-rimmed glasses—a native of Middletown, Connecticut. His dark skin and black, wavy hair give him a forty-ish look. Actually he is 55. He has just a touch of the Connecticut Yankee about him. His classic-cut clothes and his wide-awake manner suggest a successful businessman instead of a Methodist preacher. He is both. He is a former missionary and the biggest one-volume publisher in the United States.

Dr. North moves millions of Bibles. His methods are unorthodox. He sells them at cost, less than cost and often gives them away. His object isn't to

make money, but to spread the gospel. His organization sticks unchangingly to the King James version. It never injects a new word or thought.

"The American Bible Society is a charitable organization," explains Dr. North. "We're not in business for profit. We've never made a cent. Our aim has been to promote a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment. Race and denomination aren't a factor. The Society's concern is to bring the Scriptures to humanity, regardless of lingual or financial circumstances."

Bibles sell for as little as 40 cents per copy—New Testaments for five cents. And portions can be bought for one and two cents. There are also deluxe models, pulpit Bibles—bound with Morocco leather—which run as high as 50 dollars.

Dr. North prefers to deal in cheaper editions within the financial reach of the bulk of the people. He doesn't believe in giving free Bibles. He would rather sell the Bible at a loss than give it away. His experience shows that people value the Bible more if they have to pay a small sum for it

Since Charles Lanius first broke into newspaper work—on the Helena (Montana) Independent, he has plied his trade in the United States and in many of the countries of Europe. He saw France's entry into the war; he saw the goose-stepping Italian Fascisti prepare to strike their dagger; he saw the German army invade the low countries. His travels have convinced him that the need for spiritual guidance is stronger now than it was in the irenic days before the war, and this article about the "world's best seller" proves him right.

than if it is given to them. He finds that many persons are apt to suspect some kind of propaganda trick when Bibles are offered to them for nothing. Nevertheless, thousands of Scriptures are given free each year.

The biggest recipients of free Scriptures are the armed forces. Eight service branches have received more than 2,500,000 free New Testaments since the beginning of the war. Each book binding is done in the service branch color and has the branch insignia on its cover. The Society realized the needs of the armed services when chaplains began filling requests for gospels. Dr. North reports that they are doing their best to meet this increased demand.

A million New Testaments have been purchased. Most of these were bought by churches and religious groups who in turn gave them to their own members in the services. The total number of New Testaments furnished to the armed forces by the Society alone is more than 1,500,000.

Eddie Rickenbacker's sea epic and dramatic rescue gave the Society a new angle. Now every life raft contains a New Testament in a water-proof covering which goes in with the food packages. They are also part of equipment in Merchant Marine life boats. Navy heads agree that spiritual guidance is sometimes as necessary to torpedoed and shipwrecked men as food.

Any suggestion of cramming the gospel down the throats of service men is studiously avoided by the chaplains. They believe that to get

the most from the Scriptures, a man must have a genuine desire to read them. Usually, on board naval and merchant ships, the Testaments are placed in the ship's library or some other convenient place. Nearly always the ship's supply has disappeared by the time it hits home port. Then it is up to the chaplain or skipper to get another batch.

The American Bible Society hasn't forgotten the men in Axis prison camps. For that matter, the Germans, Italians and Japs in our own prison camps are being furnished Scriptures by the Society.

THE INCREASED DEMAND among civilians in this country is probably most gratifying to Dr. North. He attributes it to a number of factors, the chief reason, according to him, being the increased anxiety of all people over the state of the world. Many persons, Dr. North says, need spiritual guidance and comfort beyond human resources. They are finding it in the Bible. Others are reading the Bible for the first time, hoping a better world lies in its teachings.

"Never has the Bible been so eagerly sought after," Dr. North declares. "There has never been such confusion. There have never been so many people treading new paths or so many so far from their homes. There has never been so much temptation and so much suffering on so widespread a scale as now. People are turning to the Bible for solace in their troubles."

Dr. North partly attributes the huge Bible sale to a heavy radio build-

up. Dr. Francis Carr Stifler, editorial secretary of the Society and a former Baptist minister, goes on the air for 15 minutes every Monday noon over the Blue Network. His talks help sell the Bible to many who would never be reached otherwise.

Dr. Stifler's job is an exacting one. He talks about the Bible as a book that should be in every home. He never chooses his subjects from its contents. He's a salesman on the air—not a preacher. He is extremely careful to avoid controversial matters, preferring instead to talk in general terms. His work ends when the Bible is sold. The rest is up to the parent, the teacher, the pastor and the missionary.

The American Bible Society doesn't confine its activities to the United States. It reaches out all over the world. It penetrates into the lands of our friends and enemies alike—and into regions unexplored except by missionaries. The only country it can't crack is Russia where—according to the Society—it is a forbidden book.

Altogether the Bible or large parts of it is published in 1,058 different languages and dialects. The whole Bible has been translated into 184 different languages and the New Testament in 229 additional languages.

Most of the translations are made by missionaries. Some of these men and women have worked as long as 40 years to perfect a single translation. Often, in the interiors of Asia, Africa and South America, tribes of natives numbering hundreds of thousands have a spoken language but

no written one. It is up to the translators to devise a written language, complete with alphabet. It is painstaking work and often can't be accomplished without years of labor and cooperation with friendly, willing natives. Some missionaries, living on what their churches send them, and a few extras from the Bible Society, give their lives to the work.

Bulu was the 184th language into which the whole Bible was translated. The Bulu tribe—numbering more than 600 thousand natives in the Cameroons—got several thousand newly printed whole Bibles last year.

Before the Burma Road was closed, thousands of Chinese Bibles were sent into the interior. Now the Chinese—aided by a Society representative—print their own Bibles. Part of the book is printed in Kweilin. Other portions are farmed out to printers in several cities. Leather for bindings was bought at a fancy price from a Chinese hat manufacturer who had intended using it for hat inner bands. The Bibles are priced at five dollars Chinese currency but sell so rapidly that the presses are always busy. In the meantime, 10 thousand Bibles are in India ready to be shipped into China when the Japs are beaten and the Burma Road reopened.

The 1,058th Scripture translation was for the natives of Rennel Island, one of the southernmost of the Solomons. The war closed this island to mission work, but the books are ready for the Rennelese as soon as the restrictions are lifted. The only shipments possible to the Pacific Islands

now are to our own troops there.

War restrictions make it difficult to produce Bibles at the rate the Society would like to turn them out. Because of restrictions and the increased demand, there have been serious Bible shortages in the past 18 months. But in spite of every difficulty, the Society last year issued a total of 8,254,629 volumes—for distribution both here and abroad. This is the largest issue in the history of the Society.

Priorities and lack of shipping space hampers activities in foreign lands. As many books as possible are forwarded. Some are at the bottom of the sea. Five cases billed to Haiti and 56 cases bound for Puerto Rico were lost through enemy action. However, losses are negligible compared to the shipments which arrived safely at their destinations.

ONLY ABOUT a third of the Society's income is derived from the sale of the Bible. The other two-thirds comes in the form of donations and endowments. Most of this income goes for printing, binding and distribution costs. The budget allows only six per cent for administration. The big six-story Park Avenue headquarters and the old Astor Place Bible House—now used for storage—are tax-free.

The inception of the American Bible Society was the inspiration of a group of public-spirited men back in 1816. They were concerned by what they believed was an appalling lack of Bibles on this continent. So led by Elias Boudinot—who at a convention representing 31 states was elected

president of the new American Bible Society — the organization was established. Since that time the Society has issued more than 321 million volumes of Scripture and more than 32,500,000 whole Bibles.

An accurate estimate of the number of Bibles and Scripture printed all told is impossible. Besides the American Bible Society there are three other big Bible organizations. These are the Netherlands, the British and the Scottish Bible Societies. Then there are the Gideons, the Scripture Gift Mission, the Pocket Testament League, and hundreds of other Bible distributing media.

Obviously, compiling a grand total would mean overlapping and duplication. Dr. North believes that approximately 1,125,000,000 volumes of the Bible have been circulated since printing was invented.

Dr. North feels that his largest job lies before him. He is convinced that his big years will be those immedi-

ately after the war. Then Bible-starved Europeans, the over-run peoples in the East, and men and women in all countries cut off by the war, will need Bibles.

"Some day the war will end," he says, "and then there will be a crying need for Bibles. The confusion of war will be replaced by the confusion of reconstruction. There will be unrest, reprisals, rioting and bloodshed. The demand for Scriptures in China alone may shortly after the war exceed that ever made by any nation in history. With Europe prostrate, America will be the chief source of the world's supply. We must be ready to face that demand and feel we have a special obligation to meet it."

He is already making plans. Part of the million-dollar budget for this year can be diverted to meet an emergency caused by a sudden peace. Other special funds can be used if necessary. Dr. North is prepared for colossal post-war business.

Margin for Truth

THE LATE BISHOP Canevin of the Pittsburgh diocese was exhorting a women's society of the cathedral to greater zeal:

"When I was a young priest," he said by way of illustration, "I was in charge of a parish notable for its lack of interest. One cold and rainy night Michael, the 250-pound janitor, and I arrived to perform our respective duties for an announced meeting. Not another soul appeared.

"The following week the diocesan paper noted that 'a large and enthusiastic audience attended the weekly sodality meeting' of our parish. Much astonished, Michael called it to my attention:

"'Large and enthusiastic! Humph!' he growled in honest indignation. 'Why, your riverence, you know there wasn't a soul there except you and meself.'

"'Yes, Michael, but the item is perfectly true,' I pacified. 'You see, you are large, and I am enthusiastic.'"

—HOMER M. STIVERS

Picture Story:

Hippocrates in Uniform

WHEN THE WORLD stood on the brink of its second great war within our generation, there were many who feared the newest advances in scientific destruction would be too terrible to combat—that it would be better to appease the enemy than to defy his program for death. These people forgot, however, that there had been advances in defensive warfare, too—anti-aircraft devices to fight sky raiders, air and sea craft to beat Axis U-boats, new medical skills and drugs to save the lives of free fighting men. These have made history in a way the Axis will remember. And high in the roster of the history-makers is the skill of our doctors and nurses in the present war. Here, then, is their story.





Tens of thousands of men will come home at the end of this war—home from the fury of combat on far-flung battlefronts. In any other war, they might not have survived the combined assaults of battle and of disease.



But these men will come home—remembering the miracles of medicine and surgery in the wasteland frontiers of Attu, in the deserts of North Africa, in the Australian jungles. They will remember, too, the courage of doctors and nurses who suffered with them—and who saved their lives!



These are the men (and women) of medicine—who administered, in deadly peril, the sulfa drugs, the chemotherapy of malaria, and the brain and plastic surgery which once were peacetime developments of science and now must combat the deadliest science of war.



Yes, the men who return will have known moments like this, when their own knowledge of first aid helped a wounded comrade while a few yards away the anti-tank guns were blasting the enemy.



Or they may recall the disaster of capture by the enemy, when, wounded and ill, they helped each other to walk with dignity to their prison camps, hoping the hand of the Red Cross would reach them in internment.



When air-transport could reach wounded men, they were carried in giant cargo ships to safety zones or to base hospitals. Thirty thousand wounded men from all theatres of war were evacuated during our first year in combat—only two were lost.



On such planes, seriously wounded men could receive plasma and oxygen treatment, attended by flying nurses and medical aides.



These were wings of mercy. Indeed as tons of sulfanilamide, quinine and surgical supplies crowded the skyways toward the front.



Cargoes of blood plasma, collected by the American Red Cross, freely given by volunteer donors, were shipped to our allies overseas.



And this new life was carried by strange and friendly hands, through perilous swampland, dark jungle trails, desert sands.



In fox-holes, in crude tents and dressing stations, soldiers, sailors and marines could receive transfusions within half an hour of the time they were wounded. For now the hospitals came to the man, and a belt of mercy went round the world.



At sea—aboard destroyers and submarines, often during the height of battle—skillful surgery saved fighting men's lives. Doctors, surgeons, pharmacist's mates trained in nursing and first aid, worked together in emergency operations.



Or often, the treatment required might be simple—like a homely antidote for Yank toothaches. Dentists in uniform did many jobs like these in "offices" a lot cruder than the ones they had left behind.



Yes, men who come back from war will not forget the heroes and heroines who personified for them the mercy of Medicine at the Front. Perhaps only a few will be decorated. But doctors and nurses serving in anonymity have won many battles in many centuries, without laurels.

Fiction Feature:



The Private War of Joe Wolftail

by Bertram Fowler

This is the story of one man's struggle to save his own world from invasion and his heritage of freedom from an enemy's rule



The Private War of Joe Wolftail

COMING DOWN THE trail from the high mountain stream, old Joe Wolftail walked with the loose-jointed, bent-kneed gait of the Indian. At 60, Joe could still hold that ground-eating pace for 30 miles and run the legs off younger men.

You would never have guessed at the stringy toughness of Joe. Outwardly he looked scrawny, his shapeless denim trousers and his greasy shirt hanging in sagging folds on his lean and bony frame. His bent knees and stooped shoulders made him look shorter than he was. His face might have been lifted off a totem pole, for that same inscrutable agelessness seamed its wrinkled bronze. His eyes were small and black and were just a trifle inferior to those of the sea hawks that wheeled overhead in the high vault of the sky.

Half way down the four miles that led from the high mountain pool to his shack in the fold overlooking the inlet, Joe made a wide detour. As he slouched along he could hear the surly coughing grumble of the big old silver-tip. Joe hitched the string of trout on his shoulder and proceeded without rancor to make the detour that added a mile or so to his path.

If Joe had ever thought about it he would have admitted that he had a secret fondness for the cross-grained, trigger-tempered old grizzly who considered that particular area his private domain, and would attack in a roaring range any interloper. For the old grizzly was a misanthrope and, like Joe, just didn't care for people.

Joe didn't actually dislike them. But he wanted to be alone. Once a year he hitched up his pair of huskies and made the long trip to Karluk to sell his furs. That accomplished, he bought his supplies for the year: flour, bacon, strong black tea, some tobacco, salt and other necessities such as replacement of worn clothes and moccasins.

With these simple needs taken care of, he returned to his mountainside overlooking the Pacific, to smoke and doze the summer away, his rest broken only by a few simple tasks that were necessary—such as taking his catch during the salmon run, splitting, salting and drying the fish to feed his dogs through the winter. He shot small game as he needed it, regardless of any season. He caught a few trout in the mountain pool and took fish out of the inlet as his appetite moved

him. That was his life throughout the summer until the frost denuded the trees and pelts became prime.

The hazards and hardships of the winter trap line he took with the same impassiveness with which he took the laze of summer. It was a lot that he wouldn't have traded with any living man. He was alone because he liked it, just as the old grizzly, having given up the love-making and mating of youth, lived out his remaining span in chosen solitude.

In front of his shack, Joe raked the red embers of a hard wood campfire. He got out a battered frying pan, cut a few thick slices of bacon and started them sizzling in the pan. As they fried, he cleaned the trout and cut a hunk of sour dough bread.

By the time he had eaten, the westerling sun had turned the bank of spruces over the bluff into a black impenetrable wall. The water in the inlet took on shades of pearl, dappled with crimsons and purples wherever the rocks cast shadows.

Pulling on his wheezing, rank pipe, Joe sat on his heels and gazed out over the Pacific. Far out over the water a low hull drew a line slowly along the horizon. Joe looked at it briefly, then dismissed it. Many strange boats passed along the horizon these days. Somewhere over the sea, he had heard at Karluk, men were fighting a war. Men from some place called Japan were fighting the white men. Joe had shrugged it off mentally. It did not concern him. Men still paid good dollars for furs and sold him bacon and flour and tobacco.

He had been made conscious of other things in his world. Sometimes in the day or at night, far-off explosions had shaken the mountains, sending great echoes rolling down over his head. He had been curious enough to travel back into the mountains to see what strange and mighty thing it was that caused these echoes. He had stood on a high shoulder of the mountains and looked across to where men swarmed like ants over the hills. Strange machines grunted and roared on the new road. Across a deep gorge these men were building a huge bridge that shone like a white skeleton in the thin, clear air.

Joe had shrugged and returned to his shack. The ways of the white men were past all understanding. Obviously they were building a road—but why a road where no man ever came? It was a subject better dropped and forgotten. Thereafter the echoes were like the sound of meaningless things, heard but not noticed, until at last the explosions came no more, and the deep hush of his mountains again closed about him.

THE NOISE DOWN AT the cove brought him sharply awake. It wasn't a loud noise. He could hear muted voices, the grate of a boat's bottom on pebbles, the clink of metal striking metal. He swung out of his bunk and shuffled to the door.

The figures of the men were but blobs of shadow in the clear starlight. Out on the water of the cove lay a long, low, glistening monster. Men were landing from small boats on the

shore. Joe caught the glint of starlight on metal as they fanned out from the water's edge and moved up the hill.

Joe did not move even when the beam of the flashlight dazzled his eyes. That men should land thus by night was as incomprehensible as the building of a road in the wilderness. When the flashlight beams had shifted from his eyes he could see that these were little tan-colored men with flat noses and slanted eyes; little men who jabbered in an unknown tongue and menaced him with the muzzles of a variety of guns.

One of them, evidently the leader, addressed Joe in sibilant English. "We are Japanese. We come here to free men like you from the white men."

If Joe had had the least glimmer of a sense of humor he would have laughed at that one. Because if ever there was a man in the world who was completely free, it was Joe Wolf tail.

The Japanese officer went on. "All over the East the Japanese are conquerors. Now we come to conquer America. Today we are here. Very soon will come a very large army. We come to blow up bridge and destroy road so that the white man cannot send troops and guns to meet us when we land in Alaska. You know where is that bridge?" He jerked his head in the general direction of the mountain.

Joe remembered the bridge that spanned the gorge and nodded.

"Good. Tomorrow morning you will guide us to this bridge. We will pay you well. We will count you as friend when we control this country."

None of it made sense to Joe. He

was conscious only of a growing annoyance that these men should land to complicate his simple existence. Later he went back into his cabin with three Jap officers. The spokesman jabbered on. He seemed very pleased with the situation. "In daylight," he told Joe again, "we will start for bridge. It is very, very nice."

The other two men started nosing around Joe's cabin, pawing over his few possessions. The annoyance inside Joe began to harden into angry resentment. But none of this showed in his seamed face. He rolled into his bunk and in two minutes was fast asleep.

He awoke with a rifle butt jabbing into his ribs. His cabin was full of Japs who were eating his food. The Jap officer said, "Soon it will be daylight. You will guide us, yes?"

Joe grunted. He picked up his battered frying pan and started to reach for the bacon. The rifle butt slammed into his ribs again. The Jap officer gave him a toothy smile and said, "After you have guided us you will be permitted to eat."

There was the slightest flicker in Joe's black eyes. That was the only sign he gave of the anger that was beginning to glow inside.

That anger flared when he heard a Jap utter a sharp exclamation. He followed the direction of the Jap's rifle muzzle and saw one of his huskies trotting across a corner of the clearing, heading for the water.

The dog turned his head at the Jap's exclamation. He saw the rifle point and level. That, and the fact that he knew all there was to know

about the action of guns, saved his life. He did a dive flip into a clump of bushes as the rifle cracked.

The Japs said, "Gottum. Nice."

Joe knew the bullet had not touched the dog. But that did not lessen his inner rage. This was the last straw. Another war was declared at that moment—Joe's private war.

He went ahead of them up the slope, walking in his tireless, bent-kneed lope and the Japs trotted to keep at his heels. The man directly behind him kept the muzzle of a Tommy gun centered on Joe's back.

He led them straight up, threading his way through the spruces. He had gone nearly two miles when he heard the first grumbling roar of anger from the old silver-tip. But he kept straight on without a look to either side.

The rumble became a mighty roar and the grizzly came through the brush like a runaway tank. A half ton of concentrated ferocity and unbridled rage, he charged, his little eyes glittering redly, straight down the advancing column of Japs.

That much Joe saw before he threw himself sideways into the bushes. His pleased grunt was as near a laugh as Joe had come in 10 years. As he fled he could hear the rattle of the Japs' guns and their scared yells.

Joe's EASY LOPE made quick time back to his shack. A Jap was standing in a kind of tower that rose up from the low black boat. Two or three more were on a small deck beside a big gun. Several more were standing on the shore. All were gazing in the direction

from which the gunfire had come.

He slipped into the shack as they stared off into the distance. From pegs on the wall he took down his long Ross rifle of World War vintage. It wasn't a fancy looking rifle. But with it Joe could clip the head of a partridge at 50 yards.

Joe slipped out of the shack again, the weight of cartridges sagging the pockets of his baggy trousers, his shirt pockets bulging with a chunk of jerked venison. He went so swiftly and sinuously that he was gone into the bush before anyone could have spotted him.

Two miles further on he came out of the woods on the brow of a sharp rise. He lay there, looking down into a wide clearing that nature had gouged out of the wilderness.

He saw a deer there throw up its head, then wheel and race from the shelter of the woods. He waited another 15 minutes before the first Jap emerged. The Jap stood for a moment, then shouted something and waved his arm. The column behind him came out of the woods, treading stealthily in single file.

Joe watched them without moving a muscle, counting them as they filed out into the open. There were 12 of them. They were all heavily loaded with the dynamite and equipment with which they were planning to demolish the bridge.

He let the leader of the column get more than halfway across the half mile of clearing before he stirred. Then, his eyes narrowing a little, he carefully adjusted his sights.

Joe's rifle made a flat, thin crack in

the windless morning. The Jap officer spun completely around and fell over on his face.

With the crack of the rifle, Joe scuttled back. He slid, belly flat, around the fringe of bushes until he found a stump 50 yards away behind which he could take cover.

Grudging respect for the Japs crept into Joe. He couldn't know that these were picked men, trained in jungle warfare. With the crack of the rifle they had scattered, each of them finding cover. They were methodically and precisely drilling holes into the bushes from which Joe had fired.

Joe drew a long, slow breath as he worked a fresh cartridge into the chamber. He could see the point of a Jap's shoulder around a rock. As he lined his sights, the Jap moved back out of view. That there were 11 of them, all seemingly as smart as old dog foxes, bothered Joe not at all. Patience was inherently a part of him, bred in his bone and established more firmly by years of hunting.

He almost smiled as the Japs started inching forward. They were well spread out, and knew how to use cover. But one of them made the mistake of scuttling from a bush to the shelter of a boulder. He rolled over on his back, arms outflung beside the boulder with the crack of Joe's rifle.

With the crack of the rifle, the Japs moved again. They scuttled for the shelter of the woods at either ends of the clearing. Joe had time to drop just one at the edge of the woods as the rest dived out of sight.

Joe backed away from the stump

without hesitation. What they would do now was obvious. They would swing wide and try to circle him.

He cut back into the woods. Once in a while he paused, listening, and the crack of a twig made his eyes glitter; for he had that natural ability, held in common with the wild creatures, to travel in a sort of soundless drift of motion.

The next twig crack was much nearer. Joe halted beside a huge old fallen tree that partly rested against a boulder, its dead branches lodged in a tangle of bushes.

Joe dropped beside the fallen tree and watched the direction from which he had heard the crack of the twig. A bush stirred and for a split second he saw the glint of teeth in the dimness. A split second was all Joe asked for. The echoes of the shot bounced through the timber as the Jap sprawled out of the bush.

As he fired, Joe rolled away from the fallen tree, scuttled around the boulder and found cover.

A Jap behind a tree trunk made the mistake of snapping a shot at Joe then. The bullet clipped leaves a few inches above his head. But in the shooting the Jap showed one shoulder and a half of his face, which was all the target Joe needed.

After that shot Joe was on the move again. He went out under the dead branches and through the tangle of bush, moving back a few hundred yards before he stopped again. His keen old ears picked up a muted character of words. It was evident he had worried the Japs into a war council.

To his other side he could hear one of them moving stealthily.

He melted away from his spot and circled widely. His black eyes glittered in a sort of sardonic humor as he spotted the Jap ahead of him. He had gone completely around and was in the rear of the Jap who crouched, peering through the woods.

Joe left him there, lying at the foot of the big tree while he moved like a drift of smoke away from there. He could hear the other Japs moving away. They knew that their mysterious stalker had killed six, half of their party, and were withdrawing while there were still enough of them to carry out that mission.

Joe frowned as he heard them in the clearing; heard the creak of leather as they shouldered their burdens. He thought of heading for the clearing to get another one or two, then decided against it. They would be out of sight again by the time he got there.

He waited till his ears picked up the route they were taking, then he went parallel to them, towards a spot where the timber stopped like a wall of green at the foot of a slope of barren rocks and gravel. Joe glanced up the slope and his eyes glittered again. This was one place they would have to pass.

He went up the slope, dodging from boulder to boulder, never allowing anyone behind him more than a fleeting glimpse of his back. He was almost to the top of the slope when three rifles cracked below him. He was diving below a boulder when the Japs fired. One bullet stung his cheek with rock fragments. He could hear the

whine of the others as they spun by.

He didn't stop behind that boulder. There was a shallow furrow gouged in the gravel. Joe went along it on his belly, like a lizard, until he found two boulders so close together that they all but touched.

He eased the old Ross through the slit and picked up a Jap as he dived for shelter.

The rest came on, dodging from cover to cover. The yellow weasels could shoot, Joe admitted grudgingly. Then something happened that amazed Joe and wiped out all his respect for them.

They were halfway up the slope when they charged. But Joe didn't let his amazement throw him off balance. He shot, unhurriedly, picking each target with precision.

The last Jap dropped less than 10 yards from Joe's cover. Joe waited a few minutes before moving. These Japs were indeed a queer people, even queerer than the white men. No white man Joe had ever seen would have made that wild charge.

JOE SHOOK HIS HEAD in dumb wonder and started back toward the sea. These Japs he was leaving in the wilderness bothered him not at all. Tomorrow he would come back and dispose of them so that no white men would hear about this and send their police to haul him into court.

But there were those others at the inlet with their little boats and their big shiny boat with the gun and the tower on it.

At the foot of the slope an idea

struck Joe. He halted long enough to break open cases and collect the things he wanted. He knew dynamite. A white prospector had taught him to use it years ago, and Joe had found it very useful during the salmon run. He collected a dozen sticks, complete with fuses and detonators and headed for the cove.

He lay on the bluff overhanging the black boat. It was easy to see why the Japs had pulled it in here. The water was very deep. Also, the bluff acted as a cover. No airplane could see it from the sky, and a patrol boat would have to come all the way into the inlet before spotting it.

There were three men with the little boats on the shore. Others came and went up and down the tower that had a sort of lid that was left open.

The tower finally gave him his idea. He inched forward until he could look down almost into the tower. He measured the fuse carefully on the three sticks that he had tied together and as carefully lit it. Then, quite unhurriedly, he tossed the dynamite down the open tower, throwing himself back away from the blast.

The roar made the bluff heave under Joe. Carefully he crept forward leveling the Ross. The three men beside the boats stood as if petrified. Joe spaced his shots swiftly and coldly.

He circled again and went down to the inlet. There were no Japs left alive. But the big black boat still showed an end above water. That would not do at all. The sight of it there would cause the white men to ask awkward questions when they

came in on their patrol one day soon.

Joe sat on the edge of a small boat and thought it over. After a long while he took the rest of the dynamite and paddled out in his canoe. He placed the dynamite carefully, lit long fuses and paddled swiftly ashore where he found shelter.

After the gigantic explosion Joe came out and grunted in satisfaction. All that was left now was some oil on the water and a few deep scars on the face of the bluff. The water there was deep. The pieces of the black boat would rest there and never be seen.

He towed the small boats and the dead Japs into the deepest part of the inlet. There he tied rocks to the Japs and sunk them. He smashed holes in the boats and watched them sink.

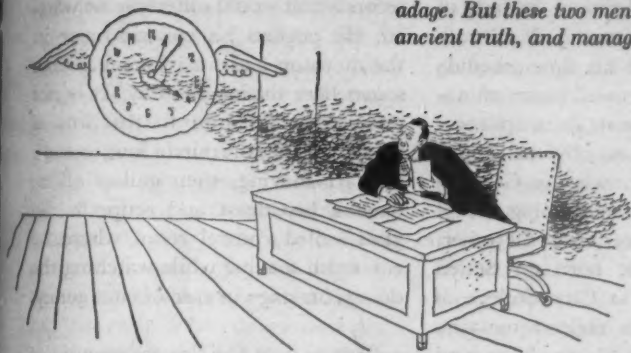
The thought of all the work he still had to do to dispose of the 12 Japs irked Joe. But it was something that could not be avoided. The white men must never find any trace of this private war that he had waged.

The white men were queer, but he had no quarrel with them. They bought his furs and sold him sugar and tobacco and flour. Aside from that, though, they left him alone and Joe was content.

But these Japs were different. They had come ashore and threatened him with guns. They had pawed over his possessions and tried to shoot his dog.

With such men around, Joe knew, he would never be free. And that freedom was his one priceless possession. He intended to fight for that till the day he died. He knew what he had been fighting for.

Time is a great manager, runs the old adage. But these two men have reversed the ancient truth, and manage Time instead



Apostles of the Split Second

by EDMOND S. FISH

"HEY, BEN," called the cameraman to Grauer, "grab a spot at the center mike, will you? Little picture."

It was 13 minutes after midnight, just 17 minutes before *Salute to Youth* was to go out on the NBC air for the West Coast audience.

"Okay—right now?"

"Got to wait for a couple more people; we're all set for 12:15."

"Can't do it," said Grauer. "Make it 12:18?"

"Cut the kidding. How can you be here at 12:18 if not 12:15?"

Grauer explained he had a commercial at 12:15½ two floors below, but could hurry back. The photographer said all right, he'd shoot at 12:25. Grauer said no good, he had lines to read at 12:24 and 29½. Then how could he open the *Salute* rebroadcast at 12:30?

"I've got page boys holding six doors open for me," said Ben. "I run

a half block down on the sixth floor, then gallop up two flights of stairs—can't trust the elevators. Raymond Paige opens with a few bars of music just as I come through these doors. I tiptoe up the steps to the stage as the *Young Americans* do a crescendo. Then I'm all ready for my cue."

Ultimately the cameraman waited until after the broadcast.

The incident illustrates a side of radio announcing that is not generally known, and holds an important lesson for everyone today.

Probably better than anyone except a race-track official, a radio announcer understands time. He knows how much can be accomplished in a brief interval. When your life is ruled by the second-hand on your watch, you get a new perspective. And it comes as quite a surprise to learn that there are 86,400 seconds in a day.

To illustrate the importance of tim-

ing, we decided to talk with a couple of announcers and report the facts of their lives and customs. If Grauer was able to gauge his time schedule so well that he could make photographic appointments on a split-second basis, he was an obvious choice. John Reed King, who is Grauer's opposite in almost everything except success in his career, was the other.

Bennett Grauer, born on Staten Island, educated at City College of New York, was a child actor who played opposite Theda Bara and Madge Evans in the movies and on Broadway. Today he is a slim, short, dark, urbane bachelor of 35 who is as graceful and adroit in his movements as he is smooth in speech.

John Reed King, born in Wilmington, Delaware, has been on the air since he was 16 when, as a high school junior in Atlantic City, he wrote a satirical radio sketch aired on a local station whose staff he subsequently joined. Later, at Princeton, John kept on with his radio work. Today he is a great, husky man of 30, who gives the impression of bellowing into a microphone, but conveys only sincerity to the listening audience.

Grauer is a staff man with NBC, whereas King is a free lancer who does shows over NBC, CBS, MBS and the Blue Network. Ben has little use for anything a mile from Broadway, and lives on Central Park West, whereas John yearns for a farmer's life. He compromises on a nine-room house on Long Island. Both announcers pay heavy income taxes.

Grauer has most of his daily activi-

ties casually relegated to minutes and seconds that would otherwise be wasted. He pockets his electric razor in the morning and fits in shaving time somewhere during the day. It is not uncommon for him to run into a washroom, use the mirror long enough to start shaving, then gallop off to open a broadcast and retire to the glass-walled control room where he can finish shaving while watching the doings on-stage in case of emergency.

TIME-SAVERS like this are essential if Ben is to get through a typical week of staff announcing, war activities, auditions and spare-time lessons in Spanish. One of his biggest contributions currently is narrating Signal Corps instruction films. A master of clarity, and adept at timing, he is admirably suited to this work.

Grauer is a top-ranking speaker for the American Theatre Wing, whether it's bonds or housewives' excess cooking fats the government is interested in. When he was eight years old, he sold bonds in Times Square for the last war.

Sunday is no day of rest for him. He announces the NBC Symphony from five to six p.m., and Walter Winchell, 9-9:15. "Winchell is a dynamo; sometimes he's finishing up a late bulletin as I sign on the air. Someone once asked how fast he talks and the answer was 'about four reputations a minute,' but we clocked him one time at 190 words the first minutes, 170 the second, and 160 the third and remaining minutes. It's his dynamic impact that manages to give

an impression of extraordinary speed."

Information, Please makes Monday an amusing night for Ben, but his funniest recollection was of an off-the-air incident. One night when Wendell Willkie joined the board of experts, Grauer was the last one out of the stage door. Autograph hounds had dwindled, but one determined lad grabbed Grauer. Ben protested he was not famous, and got a huge kick out of the boy's comment as he willingly gave up: "Oh, the sponsor, eh?"

Like all announcers, Grauer has had his share of "fluffs"—accidents of garbled words. One night he said: "Girls, if you are doing extra hard and grimy work, use Jergen's lotion before and after shaving." But his choice of the all-time high in microphonic bumbles is the cereal program a few years ago that included: "Ladies do your husbands wake up in the morning, tired and lustless?"

Grauer has had countless scrapes with the second-hand of a watch and so has John Reed King, but none is more epic than King's fracas with two of the networks a couple of years ago. He actually announced a CBS program on an NBC mike—properly and with permission! John was in a studio of NBC doing an important dress rehearsal. It lasted from 3 p.m. to 6:40. Five blocks, and at least six minutes away, was the CBS studio in which King was slated to sign on *World News Today* with William L. Shirer at 6:45. King frenzied a dozen radio executives and finally received permission to use the exchange line, ordinarily used only when the presi-

dent makes an all-network address.

Monday is fun-day for John. The morning and much of the afternoon go to rehearsing the *Gay Nineties Revue*, the balance of the afternoon to writing on several other shows, and by 8 p.m. he is dressed in his top hat, frock coat and sideburns and does a hilarious warm-up with comedian Danny Donavan for the studio crowd. He writes again after the program, then performs the "repeat" at 11:30.

When he was doing 33 shows a week a short while ago, King slept six hours a night. Now with 16 a week, he feels he is coasting. He is master of ceremonies for *Double or Nothing* over Mutual, Friday, 9:30 p.m.; announcer for *Death Valley Days* over Columbia, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.; *Manhattan at Midnight* over the Blue, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.; *One Man's Family* over the New England NBC chain, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.; and, daily, via transcriptions, he does *Superman* over Mutual at 5:45 p.m. and *The Missus Goes A-Shopping* over CBS at 8:30 a.m.

SINCE HE writes much of the material for *Double* and *Missus* and others, King spends scores of hours a week bent over a typewriter. He reads loads of newspapers and magazines, and is a frequent newsreel-gazer. He is perhaps the only walking encyclopedia among announcers—he is always able to answer stupendous questions of fact, for he always carries a copy of the *World Almanac* in his pocket.

Despite writing about 20 thousand words a week for his program, John often tinkers with a book idea at home

on a weekend. He has published a book about contract bridge and one on party games and quizzes.

When preparing a program, John always under-writes, never over-writes. Then, if necessary, he pads by ad libbing. His omnivorous reading permits this. Because he familiarized himself with the horses, owners, jockeys and the history of the Saratoga Cup Race, he was able to broadcast the entire race over CBS in 1939 when he was supposed to do only the commercials—but the race-track expert had missed his train. In 1936, he and Bob Trout filled in a solid hour of waiting on the Capitol steps in Washington before proceeding with the inaugural of President Roosevelt.

King has had his share of misadventures on the air. Two of the unhappiest concerned airplane flights. When Harry Richman was completing his round-trip over the Atlantic in his ping pong ball plane, King flew out in a chartered plane to meet

him, but his pilot lost the inbound plane in a mass of overcast, and John had to remain silent. After the 1938 hurricane, he flew over southern New England to describe the devastation via short wave to a Hartford station and thence the network. When he got the signal to go ahead, he rattled along like mad, talking of the floating houses and barns, the submerged trees and highways, the washed-out bridges. Afterwards he found his plane had flown beyond the range of his transmitter. He had spoken 25 hundred words—to himself!

John Reed King and Ben Grauer have learned the valuable lesson of accomplishing a lot in little time. They don't spend 15 minutes walking to the five-minute-distant railroad station, and they are perhaps among the nation's first 10 poorest thumb-twiddlers. But like the rest of us they have 86,400 seconds a day, and they have learned a lesson—every second lasts long enough to get something done.

Thanks to Porky

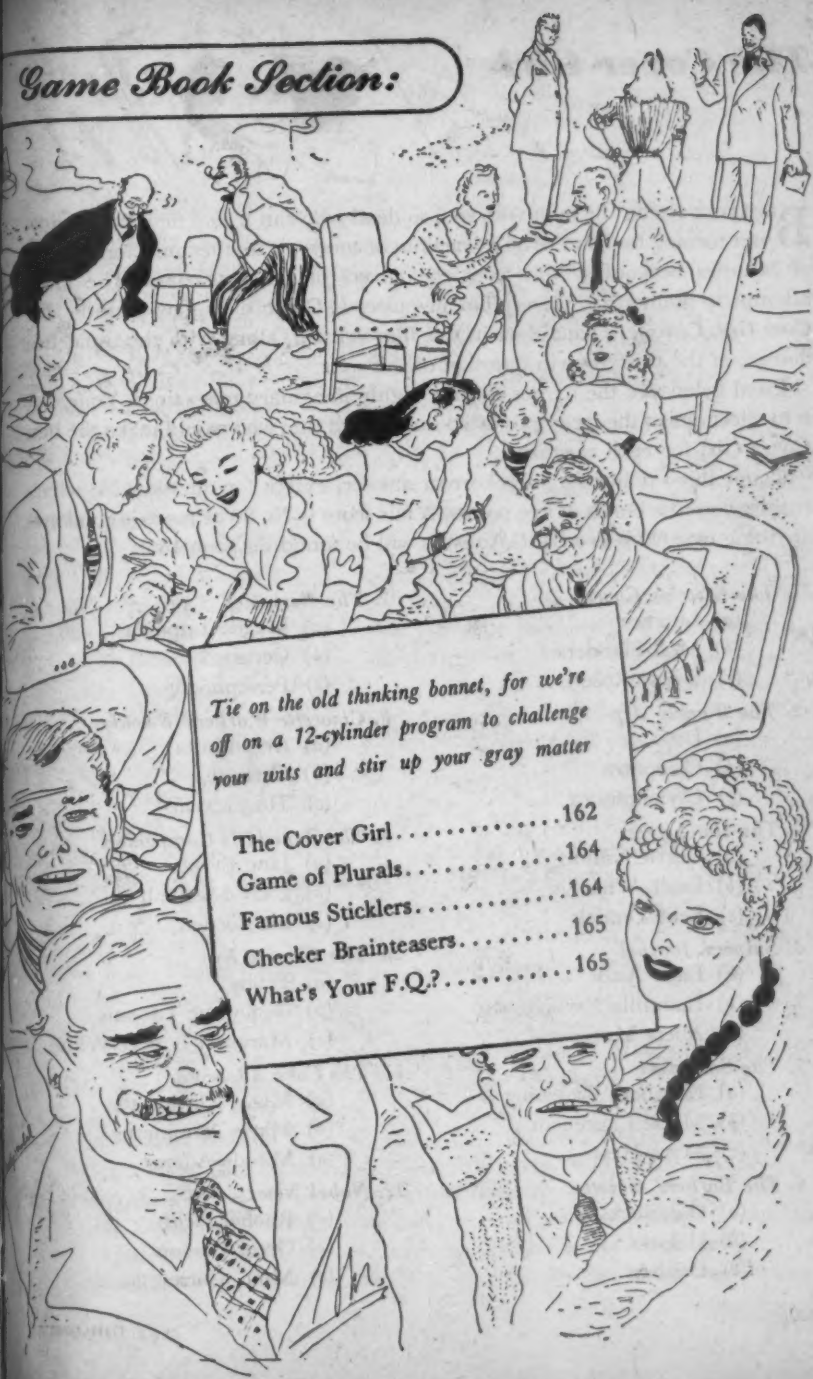
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, the United States is larger today because of a hog—and a Canadian hog at that.

Back in 1850, on San Juan island (in Puget Sound), a hog belonging to a Canadian rooted in a potato patch belonging to an American, who promptly shot the intruding porker. Feeling about the incident ran high in that vicinity, but officials of the United States and Canada eventually negotiated a settlement whereby the American paid damages to the Canadian for the loss of his hog.

The dispute, however, raised a question of international jurisdiction. A new survey was made which showed that the boundary line between the two countries in that region had been mislocated. It was thereupon shifted to another channel, and the San Juan islands became American territory, now constituting a county in the state of Washington.

—BRUCE COLE

Game Book Section:



*Tie on the old thinking bonnet, for we're
off on a 12-cylinder program to challenge
your wits and stir up your gray matter*

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The Cover Girl



BREATHES THERE the man with soul so dead who can pass a newsstand without turning his head? The attraction, of course, is that technicolored array of beauties beckoning him from the covers of the magazines. The latest attempt to glamourize these glamour-pusses is Columbia's new picture, *The Cover Girl*. Coroner's candidate in this film is listed, along with the usual two decoys, in the thirty-fourth question of this quiz.

Cited below are the names of some highly imaginary magazines. Your task is to select one of the three gals listed under each title who would make the best Cover Girl for each magazine.

Count three points for each correct answer, except for question 34, which entitles you to a bonus of five points. A fair score is 70; 80 or more is good and anything over 90 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 166.

1. *The G-String Gazette*

- (a) Lucrece
- (b) Moll Flanders
- (c) Gypsy Rose Lee

2. *The Weekly Asp*

- (a) Dido
- (b) Cleopatra
- (c) Clytemnestra

3. *The Hatcheteer*

- (a) Carrie Nation
- (b) Edith Wharton
- (c) Bebe Daniels

4. *Snipers' Journal*

- (a) Lady Astor
- (b) Ludmilla Pavlichenko
- (c) Alicia Markova

5. *The Sonneteer*

- (a) Elizabeth Browning
- (b) Marie Laurencin
- (c) Myra Hess

6. *The Barbers' Gazette*

- (a) Goldilocks
- (b) Heloise
- (c) Delilah

7. *The Harvester*

- (a) Magda Lupescu
- (b) Ceres
- (c) Persephone

8. *Cigarette Workers' Weekly*

- (a) Argentinita
- (b) Carmen
- (c) Tony's Wife

9. *The Regicide's Companion*

- (a) Jane Eyre
- (b) Lady Macbeth
- (c) Liz Borden

10. *The Camera Eye*

- (a) Trilby
- (b) Genevieve Tabouis
- (c) Margaret Bourke-White

11. *The Cake Advocate*

- (a) Mrs. Jack Spratt
- (b) Marie Antoinette
- (c) Maude Adams

12. *Nobel News*

- (a) Rachel Field
- (b) Greer Garson
- (c) Mme. Curie

13. *The Abdicator*

- (a) Harriet Beecher Stowe
- (b) The Queen of Hearts
- (c) Wallis Warfield

14. *Peep*

- (a) Snow White
- (b) Lady Godiva
- (c) Jenny Lind

15. *The Huntress*

- (a) Diana
- (b) Rowena
- (c) Daisy Mae

16. *Silver Thread Monitor*

- (a) Mary Martin
- (b) Medusa
- (c) Barbara Fritchie

17. *Knitting News*

- (a) Josephine
- (b) Mme. La Farge
- (c) Mona Lisa

18. *The Glad Mag*

- (a) Elsie Dinsmore
- (b) Pollyana
- (c) Heidi

19. *The Eagle*

- (a) Amelia Earhart
- (b) Oveta Culp Hobby
- (c) Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

20. *The Weaver*

- (a) Edna St. Vincent Millay
- (b) Texas Guinan
- (c) Penelope

21. *The Jewel Pawn's Review*

- (a) Diamond Lil
- (b) Isabella of Spain
- (c) Beersheba

22. *Shiplaunchers' Journal*

- (a) Helen of Troy
- (b) Cho Cho San
- (c) Cecille Chaminade

23. *Meaningless Digest*

- (a) Little Red Riding Hood
- (b) Gertrude Stein
- (c) Lilith

24. *The Golden Horseshoe*

- (a) Elsa Schiaparelli
- (b) Mrs. Ethel Mars
- (c) Lily Pons

25. *Beaucoup*

- (a) Mme. Bovary
- (b) Elzivere Dionne
- (c) Nana

26. *Tiptoe Topics*

- (a) Anna Pavlova
- (b) Marie Dressler
- (c) Dorothy Killgallen

27. *Who's Shrew*

- (a) Xanthippe
- (b) Griselda
- (c) Cordelia

28. *Nay*

- (a) Jeanette Rankin
- (b) Lorna Doone
- (c) Vera Zorina

29. *The Missionary's Companion*

- (a) Ophelia
- (b) Sadie Thompson
- (c) Salome

30. *British Admiralty Weekly*

- (a) Lady Hamilton
- (b) Duchess of Alba
- (c) Nell Gwynn

31. *The Rose Review*

- (a) Juliet
- (b) Lillian Gish
- (c) Mrs. Minniver

32. *White Housekeeping*

- (a) Ann Rutledge
- (b) Emily Post
- (c) Dolly Madison

33. *The Doughgirl*

- (a) Hetty Green
- (b) Jane Grey
- (c) Dorothy Dix

34. *Coronet*

- (a) Anita Colby
- (b) Cecelia Meagher
- (c) Susann Shaw

Game of Plurals



HERE ARE 25 words, all in the singular form, for which you are to give the plurals. If you know the rules for forming plurals, you shouldn't find this quiz too difficult. Some of them are a bit tricky.

Give yourself four points for every one you answer correctly. An average score is 60; 80 is good; anything over 90 is excellent.

Answers will be found on page 166.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. aide-de-camp | 14. mongoose |
| 2. attorney general | 15. notary public |
| 3. brigadier general | 16. opus |
| 4. court-martial | 17. ottoman |
| 5. dormouse | 18. pelvis |
| 6. duo | 19. pickerel |
| 7. finnan haddie | 20. index |
| 8. genus | 21. nemesis |
| 9. bacterium | 22. table d'hôte |
| 10. handful | 23. talisman |
| 11. judge advocate | 24. son-in-law |
| 12. manservant | 25. teaspoonful |
| 13. marquis | |

Famous Sticklers

1. Six patriotic women sat down to dinner at a circular table. Given the following information, can you identify each woman and her respective place at the table?

Miss A sat opposite the air raid warden.

The WAVE sat at the SPAR's left.

The general's wife sat opposite Mrs. B.

Miss D sat opposite the WAC.

Mrs. F., who is not a WAC, sat at Miss A's right.

The Red Cross worker sat opposite Miss E.

The WAC sat at Miss E's left.

2. During the complete 24-hour period, how many times does the minute hand pass the hour hand?

3. A man has one dollar and fifteen cents in change in his pocket. He can't change a dollar, a half dollar, a quarter, a dime or a nickel. What change has he in his pocket?

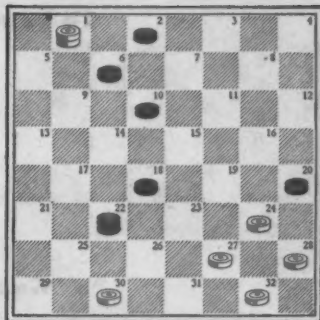
Answers will be found on page 166.

Checker Brainteasers

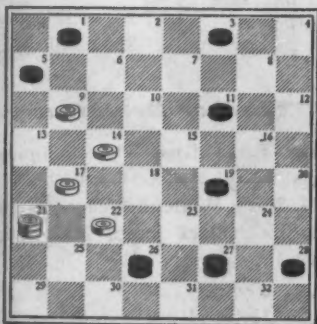
AT FIRST GLANCE it doesn't look as if the Whites had a Chinaman's chance. But the Chinese are clever people and probably wouldn't be stumped at all by these set-ups. As a matter of fact, they can win all three games if you play them right. It's Whites' turn to move and they move up the board. In the first one they can win in five moves; and the second and third, in four.

Answers will be found on page 166.

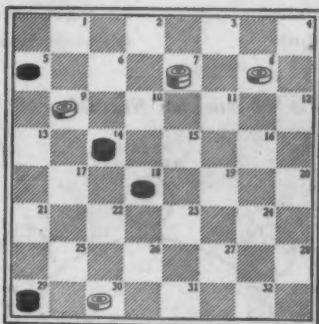
—MILLARD HOPPER



1. The Kiss Kiss



2. The Home Run



3. The Hesitation

What's Your F.Q.?

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS are often bewildering, but most people think they are immune. If you feel sure you can see what is in front of you, try this one:

First, read the sentence in the rectangle.

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

Now, count aloud the F's in that rectangle. Count them only once; do not go back and count them again. If you think you are right, turn to page 166 for the answer.

Answers . . .

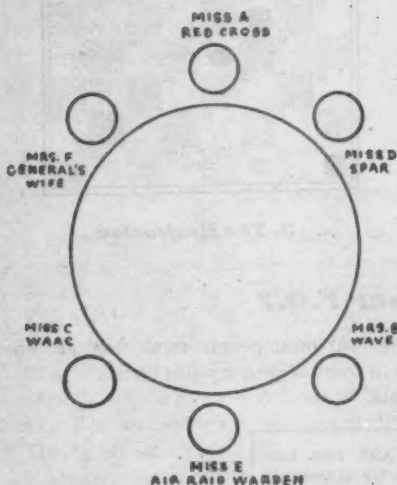
To "The Cover Girl"

- | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. c | 8. b | 15. a | 21. b | 28. a |
| 2. b | 9. b | 16. c | 22. a | 29. b |
| 3. a | 10. c | 17. b | 23. b | 30. a |
| 4. b | 11. b | 18. b | 24. c | 31. c |
| 5. a | 12. c | 19. a | 25. b | 32. c |
| 6. c | 13. c | 20. c | 26. a | 33. a |
| 7. b | 14. b | | 27. a | 34. b |

To "Game of Plurals"

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. aides-de-camp | 7. finnan haddies | 13. marquises | 20. indices |
| 2. attorneys general | 8. genera | 14. mongooses | 21. nemeses |
| 3. brigadier generals | 9. bacteria | 15. notaries public | 22. tables d'hôte |
| 4. courts-martial | 10. handfuls | 16. opera | 23. talismans |
| 5. dormice | 11. judge advocates | 17. ottomans | 24. sons-in-law |
| 6. duos | 12. menservants | 19. pickerel | 25. teaspoonfuls |

To "Famous Sticklers"



2. Twenty-two times.
3. The man has one half-dollar, one quarter and four dimes.

To "Checker Brainteasers"

1. The Kiska Kiss: The preliminary moves are 30-26, 22-31, 24-19, 31-15, 28-24, 20-27. White then captures three men, 32-7; Black jumps 2-11. White wins 1-19.
2. The Home Run: White sacrifices 9-6. The plays are then 1-10, 14-7, 3-10. White moves 17-13, forcing Black to jump 26-17. White's king scores five runs, 21-32, and Black is out with two men on base.
3. The Hesitation: White moves 30-25; Black jumps 29-22. The steps are then 7-10, 14-7, 8-3, 5-14, and White waltzes to victory, 3-26.

To "What's Your F. Q.?"

There are six F's in the sentence: finished, files, scientific, and one each in the 3 q's.

Bookette:

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT



by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney

Here's your chance to loop along through some of the screwiest snap-rolls, barrel-rolls and general topsy-turvy that ever beset a budding cadet. Two naval fledglings grow wings—with the laugh strictly on them throughout the sprouting . . . a condensation of the original book.

Love at First Flight

THE ANACOSTIA NAVAL BASE is delightfully situated between the Potomac River and a mental hospital (the Capitol is to the west), and in my day we graduated some men both to right and left.

The entrance gate had the come-hither appeal of the jaws of Death.

"You'll be sorry," chanted the guard. A handful of fellow birdmen piled into a station wagon and we were off to see our skipper.

The machine stopped in front of a bleak administration building. We were led into a room and addressed by the officer in charge of cadets.

"Men, we're in the Navy now," he announced, as if the audience were blindfolded. "We're in a war. We're going to forget all the bunkaroo we learned in college"—he grinned to show how easy the process had been for him. "Men, it's a grand old flag!"

A seaman suspected of having unusual qualities of leadership was attached to our group and given a chance to prove himself. He lined us up and marched us off to sick bay, trotting along beside like a Seeing Eye dog, and said, "Cream of da nation's yout', huh!—it soitably

soured. Goin' to be da Navy's air ahm—yah, a fractured ahm."

This rich flow of Americana ceased only when we reached the infirmary.

"O.K., Doc, pickle 'em" — he turned us over for inoculations and the routine physical check-up. The head of the medical department supervised these operations from behind a well-thumbed copy of *Superman*.

For three hours the examiners went up and down my body as if it were the Atlantic City boardwalk. I made a bid for recognition in the dentist's chair. For some biochemical reason I have never had a cavity, and this scientific four-leaf clover sent the department into a tizzy.

"Some mouth!" observed the chief of staff. "You must have gotten a lot of calcium at home."

"Mother calls me Chalky," I said.

After being pronounced fit and expendable, we were given time to make up the bunks and prepare for inspection. I hauled out the instructions dealing with the bedding. On the surface it would seem that any normal mentality could draw sheets taut, tuck, and measure off six inches from head of bunk. But unmentioned and



Condensed from the book published at \$2.00 by Houghton-Mifflin Co., 2 Park Street, Boston; copyright, 1943, by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney.

by Spalding and Carney

unnoticed lay an adder in the bedclothes, the deadly Navy Corner.

Day after day my bunk looked as if demons had held a cotillion on it, while the others went unscathed. I went down to the officer to get to the bottom of things.

He looked through impressive-looking files and said seriously, "Dowd, the Navy Corner seems to have you somewhat buffaloed."

"Yes, sir." Buffaloed was hardly the word for it.

"Some get it with no trouble at all," he mused. "Others take a good deal more time." Then to me:

"You stick to it, Dowd, you'll get it, boy. School of Hard Knocks."

I finally learned the easy way from my bunkie, Red Run, who explained embarrassedly that he knew a nurse in Clarksburg.

The instructions went on in the same chilly vein to explain the arrangement around the washbasin.

"Towels will be stowed in locker; washcloth hung on gooseneck."

Not knowing what the gooseneck was, I approached the mate of the deck on the subject. He rose quietly from his seat, took my hand and led

me ceremoniously over to the basin.

"This is the hot water."

"This is the hot water," I repeated, as if reciting after nurse, Chapter One in the Big Animal Book.

"This is the stopper."

"This is the stopper."

Then leaning over he pointed underneath at an iron intestine. "And that's the goddam gooseneck!"

Once things were on a friendly footing with the plumbing, I turned to the stowing of belongings, then waited for inspection. All was well until a fine interpretation of the rules turned success into disaster. The boudoir booklet stated in its intimate way: "Toilet articles shall be stowed in top drawer. Bottom drawer shall be reserved for miscellaneous."

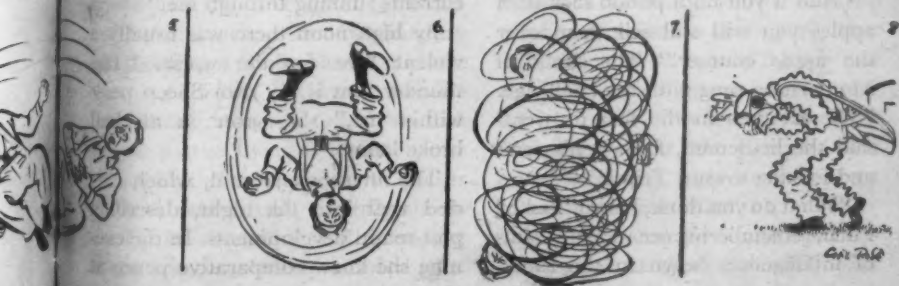
My equipment was well housed in a shaving kit, which I placed without much thought in the top drawer.

During inspection, Ensign Fitch browsed around the bureau. Opening the top drawer he saw the kit.

"My God!" he shrieked. "What is this doing in the top drawer?"

"I have my shaving things in it, sir, and the rules—"

"I don't care if you have a skull



in it!" he bellowed. "All kits are regarded as miscellaneous in the Navy and so stored in the bottom drawer. This is a final warning."

The next day a lieutenant of the U.S.M.C. had the inspection. Coming to my bottom drawer he stepped away as if he had found his wife at the Astor.

"My God!" he screamed. "What is this doing in the bottom drawer?"

"A kit is a kit, sir, and the rules state—"

"I don't care. It has shaving things in it and should be stowed in the top drawer. This is your final warning."

The showdown came when the men arrived together for Saturday's inspection. The kit was in the first drawer.

"My God!" shrieked Fitch. "Here it is again."

"A study of Rule 13, sub-heading 2, will disclose that shaving equipment properly goes in the first drawer," said the Marine acidly.

"So it does," Fitch was jocular. "A kit, old man, is a kit," he kindly declaimed. "If you put your hands in your shoes that doesn't make them gloves, does it?" He said imperiously, "The kit goes in the bottom."

"And if you fill a potato sack with apples you will still sell them over the apple counter." The Halls of Montezuma rang with the challenge. "The kit goes in the first drawer," said the lieutenant, folding his arms and looking toward Tripoli.

"What do you think, Dowd?" asked Fitch, remembering occasional gleams of intelligence shown in the ranks.

"It seems to me, sir," I said, "that it is neither flesh nor fowl and should be stowed in the middle drawer with the underwear."

"No compromising," snapped the lieutenant.

"Remember Munich," added Ensign Fitch.

"I suppose it will have to go to Washington?" I asked.

"That's it," cried Mr. Fitch. "The Bureau!"

"The Bureau!" cried the marine.

Both men swore to see the thing through, come hell or high water.

Following the midday meal, the mail was parceled out in the bunk room. The Divine Plan provided a number-one woman for every male, who wrote him on an average of every other day.

Sometimes, as with "Sheep" Morgan, this routine was carried to beautiful extremes. "Sheep" played Abelard to a pretty little thing who put out at the rate of two letters a day.

"Sheep, my dearest," she invariably opened, lending a rocking-chair melancholy to the flood of tender introspection that followed. "This morning before breakfast I feel electric-you-currents running through me."

By high noon there was usually a violent turn for the worse. "The thunder that is my own Sheep peals within me," she wrote as all hell broke loose.

The afternoon journal, which carried well into the night, described post-matin developments. In the evening she knew comparative peace

by Spalding and Carney

he came to her "in an April way," but if the moon showed in the sky, her prose dissolved into a baleful wail.

Sheep read these volumes as solemnly as if they were copies of the Volstead Act. Then, convinced that he still possessed the same old wham, he prepared to compose some himself. Fortunately he married her secretly one weekend, and it is probably much prettier that way.

There has long been a conviction among military minds that if you can teach a body of men to walk together to the side and around corners without falling all over each other, you will instill essential fighting efficiency among them. Accordingly, we devoted long hours in the afternoon to close-order drill.

The first few days were positively dangerous. It was successive "Columns to the rear, march" that usually drove us out of sight. One column would march stolidly into a hangar, another off into a field, and the third was once scattered by a pie wagon.

The platoon leader, an enraged Hannibal, was left at his post screaming: "Hey, you guys, come back here—use your initiative, goddamit!"

The six weary weeks of preliminary ground school finally passed, and one morning before daybreak we were herded onto a requisitioned bus and driven to the flying field. My pulse was speeding at the sight of planes when David Munk, a stoop-shouldered, slow-speaking lad from the West Virginia hills, ambled up:

"Dowd—OK, son," he drawled. "Ah see you have ole Glossup for an instructor. He's full of slime and vinegar, that ole boy."

And then I saw him—an officer who radiated the damp, forbidding chill of a "real Navy man."

"Pardon me, Mr. Glossup. I am Dowd, your new student."

He looked away from his chum and observed me coolly. Since he made no effort to speak, I found myself stuck to a gum-like monologue that went on and on.

"You're my instructor. I hope I can learn. That is, if I can't learn from you, what hope is there?"

He graciously relieved me of speech.

"When I am speaking to another, you will not interrupt me. Is that clear?" He meticulously laid equal stress on each syllable.

Something died inside me. Gone was the informality that characterized Drake's ship. I walked slowly to the parachute loft.

"Here, Mack," said the seaman in charge, handing me a parachute, "bring it back if it don't work," and so saying he collapsed with laughter.

On the way down the line to the plane, a bloated, yellow-colored machine known as the N3N, that didn't look as if it could fly if it had to, the friendly Glossup voice caught up with me. "This is an indoctrination flight," said Mr. Glossup. "I'll do all the flying. You watch and try to catch the feel of it."

We taxied evenly out to the runway, hesitated a moment, and



mounted into the sky. As my exhilaration wore off and we continued to fly smoothly around the countryside, I crossed my arms and relaxed. A flyer's life for me.

Suddenly the plane bolted upright and lurched evilly onto its side. The horizon stood on end and then disappeared. I had a spasm of fright such as you might expect if Dracula climbed into a hot bath with you. Viciously the plane snapped right side up again.

"That was a snap-roll to the right," called Mr. Glossup over the gosport, which made possible a one-way conversation while in flight.

I hung tightly to the sides, suspecting that when there is a snap-roll to the right there too often is a snap-roll to the left. Immediately the plane heaved sickly, and the same maneuver was repeated on the left.

"Did you notice that you can do a snap-roll to either side?" he asked.

I nodded in assertion. It was as obscure as bear tracks in new-fallen snow. For his next selection, Mr. Glossup pulled the throttle back, pulled the nose up higher and higher and higher until the plane stalled,

and then fell spinning toward the mother planet.

Returning to level flight he remarked, "That was a normal spin."

There was nothing normal about it. Perspiration ran down my face. An impotent rage welled up in me and focused itself on Glossup. Why did he have to go berserk in the void?

Then the plane turned over on its back. I hung suspended by the safety belt. My feet fell from the pedals and flopped aimlessly under the instrument panel. A week's accumulation of small pebbles and lesser filth drifted down my pants leg. My hands fell loose and my arms dropped limply into space. This was the straw that broke the camel's equilibrium.

"Go ahead and kill me," I sobbed, tired of living. A tide was rising in my throat.

"That was inverted flight," chirped Mr. Glossup gaily. He looked at me in the reflector.

"From your ghastly pallor I judge that you are sick," he said. "May I?"

He kindly tipped the plane over to one side, affording all the comforts of home.

We turned back, while Mr. Glos-



sup gave a bright resumé of the flight. In this semiconscious state I felt the wheels of the plane jar against the earth. Mr. Glossup taxied slowly back to the place on the line.

"You'll find a mop and water behind the hangar," he said to me, and walked away.

After 10 periods of instruction a cadet is considered safe for his first solo, an experience, he is given to understand, that is comparable to going over Niagara in a barrel. Mr. Glossup abandoned the rough and ready tactics of initiation and conscientiously pointed me for the Great Day. Relations between myself and the plane, however, never reached anything like boon companionship.

Landings were the first obstacle. We had not been five minutes in the air on the first instruction when Mr. Glossup called over the gosport: "All right, keep the air speed constant, keep the wings level, and don't cross the controls. You got it!" he cried, waving his hands over his head.

Judging from this madcap gesture that nobody was at the helm, I grabbed the stick and stepped on the right rudder as if it were a poisonous

spider. The plane skidded drunkenly.

"Just fly the machine, don't sprain it," called Mr. Glossup. I could maintain something like level flight for a while, but then a wing would dip and the plane would edge slyly off to one side.

"God, the air speed," he snapped.

"Seventeen hundred r.p.m.'s is ample," said the Voice. "You seem determined to ruin this engine for the better student who will follow you."

I could have managed with another pair of hands and feet, and it was so hard to get extra help in those days.

"Cut your gun," he moaned. "Cut your gun. We'll be over the Navy Yard, and they shoot at you."

I followed instructions to the letter and banked sharply to compensate for the errors.

"Fine, oh fine!" the Voice chided. "We are two hundred feet above the ground and you wrap us up in a knot. Bundles for Hell!"

After some uncertainty we straightened up over the runway where I forced the descent by pointing the nose down.

"How deep do you intend to bury

us this time?" asked Mr. Glossup in a resigned Oriental tone.

It was too late to make any changes. The plane hit the ground as if it had been pushed off a cliff.

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Glossup.

The plane leaped into the air like a stricken thing and fell back.

"My!" groaned Mr. Glossup.

The plane bounced up once more and then came to a final rest.

"Lord!" breathed Mr. Glossup.

I opened the throttle and prepared to take off again.

"This is an airplane, not a yo-yo," explained Mr. Glossup.

Day after day this routine was repeated as I groped for the "feel" of flying. Most of the others caught on rapidly. Tim Carpenter referred to his plane as if it were female in gender and shy by nature. Flying was just a matter of putting his arm around this pretty, fat, backward child and getting her to talk about herself. With Tim it was love at first flight.

As far as I was concerned "she" was just a dumb animal. With "us" it was a marriage of convenience. After the crisis, when the children were old enough to know, there would be a quick divorce. She would go her way and I would go mine, and there would be an end to this silly pretending.

The day for my first solo arrived at 5 a.m. like all the other days. It had unconsciously developed tremendous importance. Before we left for the field, Chief Connolly, a kindly man with six service stripes who

lectured us in the theory of flight, called me aside. "Son, I see you're up to solo," he smiled. "Next to your wedding night," he continued, "it's the greatest thrill of your life."

On my way to solo, I passed by Mr. Glossup.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm up for my solo, sir," I said.

"My. God!" he muttered. I could see him making all the arrangements, passing his hat, calling the florist.

Reaching the plane, I smiled thinly at the mechanic and made a precautionary investigation of the plane. Finally convinced that all was "according to Hoyle," I taxied gingerly out to the runway strip. The plane left the ground as it was supposed to, and I headed for the hinterlands.

As soon as I was decently out of sight, I began to fly aimlessly in large potbellied circles. After 20 minutes I convinced myself I could stay up or come down at will. Flying was enjoyable! My control over the plane was absolute. I was sure in my mastery. Could this be love? I jammed the nose down and pulled it right back up. That was the way to treat the little woman.

After an hour of sleighing about the sky, I started back to the field. There would be no little enjoyment in striding unconcernedly past Glossup. I practiced a suitable monologue in the smug dialect of the experts.

"Very nice upstairs today, Glossup. Very nice indeed. Smooth at four thousand. Average r.p.m.'s 1700, fuel pressure 35. The left wing was a

little heavy, but that doesn't bother us, does it, Ace?"

"Oh, you beautiful doll," I sang, and patted my plane on her instrument panel.

The approach was professional. The tail struck lightly, and the wheels followed immediately. It was a perfect landing. We rolled swiftly down the runway. There was a noticeable swaying to the right.

"Easy, dear," I called in alarm.

I moved the stick to counterbalance the disturbance. There was no response. We skidded. We spun around in a circle. After two dizzy gyrations we stopped at a crazy angle.

All the cadets had gathered in a bunch in front of the hangar and focused their twenty-twenty vision on me and my situation. The crash truck drew alongside.

"Are you all right?" the Officer of the Day asked for the records.

I nodded.

Mr. Glossup crammed his large face into the cockpit.

"You ground-looped," he gasped, "you ground-looped, you idiot!"

"I didn't do it. She did it." I pointed all over the plane.

No amount of technical evidence could persuade me that I had not been deceived by feminine guile in a highly mechanized form.

In council it was decreed that I should solo again the following day. Elated by the reprieve, I still felt that I had been purposely sacked by the plane. There she stood tinted, vain, and defiant in the evening col-

ors. There was about her something wild and unprincipled.

"You St. Louis woman!" I cursed her softly, and walked to the bus.

Mr. Glossup was a man of strong passions, but what brought foam to his mouth quicker than anything was to have one of his students get lost. It was not uncommon for a cadet to phone the field and sheepishly report himself down on a wayward farm. Then Mr. Glossup would have to set out like a dutiful Saint Bernard and scour the countryside.

One afternoon I was practicing wingovers for the final check with such intensity that I failed to notice a strong wind was blowing me far off my heading. When I turned for home, I'd lost my bearings.

Instead of becoming increasingly familiar, the countryside developed a dreadful sameness. The gas was running low. My blood turned to baking powder at the thought of calling Mr. Glossup, but a large and spacious field was directly below. To get in comfortably you had to come close to a barn. I circled several times and finally glided down. The wheels grazed the barn, and then I was on the ground swerving through disinterested cows.

Before me stretched a beautiful lawn down which a trim middle-aged lady came streaming.

"Are you all right?" she asked breathlessly. "We watched you from the house. I thought certainly you'd hit the barn."

"Yes. Perfectly," I said when she

had finished. "I'm sorry to cause such a disturbance."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I'm awfully glad you didn't hit the barn, though. My husband loves that barn. He'd shoot you if you damaged it."

"He would?" I asked, wondering about this strong-willed spouse.

"You're one of the Navy boys at Anacostia, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm a cadet." And I told her how I got lost and explained I ought to notify my instructor.

She took me up to the terrace and into the house. "Here's the phone. Tell them you're at Beeville, two miles south of the river on the Wilmot intersection. I'll go get some milk and cookies and we'll wait for your instructor friend."

"He's no friend," I said.

Finally I reached Mr. Glossup.

"Say, where in God's name are you?" he screamed.

"When I find you, I've got a few things to say!" he bellowed, and slammed down the receiver.

The lady appeared with the prisoner's last meal.

"You shouldn't have done that," I said numbly.

"Come out on the terrace," she said, leading me again through the dining-room.

"Who's that?" I asked, pointing to a portrait of a naval officer.

"Admiral Fletcher—my husband."

"Oh, no! Oh, no . . ." I muttered, sinking weakly into a chair. "He can make it very uncomfortable for me"—limply I indicated the portrait.

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Besides, it was a very nice landing."

A half hour passed pleasantly, and then a yellow trainer appeared above.

"I hope he doesn't hit the barn," worried Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Glossup pulled back. The plane got over the barn, but the tail knocked the weather-vane over, and Mrs. Fletcher gasped. Just at this moment one of the cows, which were herded docilely on one side of the field, began to lope across the meadow.

"Oh, Elvira!" cried Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Glossup hadn't enough control to maneuver himself. The left wing caught the animal flush and drooped back like a useless limb. Mrs. Fletcher covered her eyes. When she had courage enough to look out on the bright world again, Mr. Glossup was running toward us hollering, "That goddam cow!"

"What a dreadful man!" murmured Mrs. Fletcher.

"Quite," I said.

Before Mr. Glossup got well into one of his rich descriptive passages, I inserted loudly: "Sir, this is Mrs. Admiral Fletcher. Admiral Fletcher is her husband is Admiral Fletcher." I stressed the point. "He loves his barn," I added. And then:

"A cooky, sir?" I offered.

He turned to Mrs. Fletcher.

"How do you do, m'am," he managed hoarsely. "I am an ensign instructor at Anacostia."

"They also serve," said Mrs. Fletcher sweetly.

"About that cow," he said quickly.

by Spalding and Carney

"She's all right even now," smoothed Mrs. Fletcher.

"About that barn . . ."

"It will be fixed in no time," said Mrs. Fletcher gently.

"Well, we have to be going," Mr. Glossup said hastily. "I'll send a mechanic back to fix the plane."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Fletcher," I said. "Thanks for everything."

The days following my flight to the Admiral's backyard were uneventfully completed and I passed into the "B" stage. For two weeks I struggled for precision, learned to land in a circle and make emergency landings. Gradually my status changed, and at the end I was regarded more as a cripple who had learned to tap-dance than as a sort of floating hazard.

I passed my 20-hour check and became eligible for advanced training, at Corpus Christi. After the ordeal, Mr. Glossup called me aside. "Well, I got you through." He broke down completely in private. It was Glossup unmasked. "And do you know what did it? Psychology!" He mouthed the password.

I stood mute before the revelation, deprived of my faculties.

A new cadet sidled up, not at all sure of his ground.

"Pardon me," he introduced himself. "My name is Green. I am your new student."

Mr. Glossup winked at me. Cunning lit his eyes. "Good luck at Corpus Christi," he said under his breath before turning to the new cadet.

"Take over, Freud!" I murmured.

WE WERE ORDERED TO Corpus Christi. The Navy functioned, to do it credit, just as it did in the Temperate Zone. We were assembled, greeted, and told that the first week was another stretch of indoctrination. Charged with the "toughening-up" process was a commissioned Apollo of large and lovely proportions, which he marvelously maintained without doing the exercises.

After the hell of calisthenics we were run over the commando course, designed by some twisted mind to produce in a short time, in a small space, on a large number, the effect of crossing the Sahara on roller skates. First there was an address by Apollo.

"The beauty of this thing izzat it's practical," he beamed. "No empty theory. Frinstance, let's take you there as an example." He motioned to me.

"Let's suppose your plane has crashed," he said fancifully. "You're 20 miles from camp and a hunert Japs are racin' up the beach. You got one chance. You make a break for the jungle in the direction of your lines. Git goin'," he ordered.

The course curved and doubled back so that no matter how fast I ran he could always keep apace by walking across the different legs. When I got to the first obstacle he was there with instructions.

"First you come upon a log four feet high. You hoidle it."

"You never go around it?" I asked.

"You hoidle it," he said.

I hoidled it and went on.

"Now you stumble on a huge piece

of pipe." And there it was before me.

"How did that get there?" I asked.

"Missionaries, I guess. You crawl troo it," he said.

"You never go around it?"

"You crawl troo it."

I crawled and raced ahead.

"Here you discover a shallow stream 18 feet wide. You leap across."

"You never wade?" I heaved, trying to catch a second wind.

"You always leap."

Back in the clear again, I stumbled blindly ahead until a cargo net stretching 80 feet in the air made progress overland impractical.

"Mango trees," said the travel guide solemnly. "You climb up hand over hand. Wild country, ain't it?"

"What did we come this way for?"

I complained brokenly. "Route 42 is clear all the way."

"Git goin'. The Japs are gainin' all a time."

I swayed weakly in the hemp. My legs shook and I fell the last 20 feet.

"Down at the bend there is a barricade. You gotta hurry. The enemy is right behind," he revealed.

"Where are the Marines?" I whispered inaudibly, unable to speak as

I tottered drunkenly to the finish line.

The next stage of training was called basic, and one feature was an introduction to service-type aircraft. After preliminary instruction, I began to use the allotted solo periods.

One morning I was dutifully practicing my scales on an outlying field when the weather, which had been cloudless and bright since dawn, turned genuinely vile. While there still was room and time, I dove down for a rough but harmless landing.

On a corner of the field was a telephone shack. I scrambled over to notify the authorities of my doings.

There was some congestion on the line, and before I was set, a firm voice said, "Chief of Operations, Kenwood speaking."

"Sir, this is Aviation Cadet Dowd, Class 10-D, flying an S.N.V. from Squadron 12-A. I was working on field 30 when the fog came in, and I thought it imprudent to continue."

"Dowd, that's splendid. I couldn't ask for more."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Anyone would have done the same."

"No," insisted Mr. Kenwood. "It was the 'unpredictable' and you han-



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dled yourself like a true veteran."

"Thank you, sir."

"Stay there for a while. The weather report says it will clear shortly."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And Dowd, you behaved like a veteran, boy."

"Thank you, sir."

I hung up and walked to the shack's door. In a little while the fog began to lift. I got back into the plane to warm it up and be ready to take off when the ceiling permitted. I started to taxi to the other end of the field. But the plane would not move. I applied a generous amount of throttle, but the plane still would not move. More throttle. This time the tailpiece rose gamely three or four feet and I maintained this attitude for several minutes, praying that the wheels would take a hint. There was no sign of forward motion. I knew the brakes were locked.

I knew this because I had locked them before leaving the plane. All veterans do so. What I did not know was how to unlock them. The mechanic always did this on the line and I never asked how.

The skies were clear again. Soon

other planes would be overhead and someone anxious to improve his style was certain to report me forced down. In my new exalted status of veteran, I could not afford to be caught with my brakes locked.

Suddenly there was a roar as a plane zoomed over the field. I saw a student in a steep bank preparing to come low over the field again. I waved violently, motioning him away. He waved excitedly back and nodded.

Twenty minutes later a plane appeared. I recognized it. The pilot landed near my plane and a short, dark cadet clambered out first: "That's him, sir. That's him, all right."

An officer with the rank of a lieutenant commander approached.

"Kenwood, Chief of Operations. Anything wrong here?" he asked, breathing heavily.

"No, sir," I said.

"And as soon as I saw him wave for help, sir, then I went straight for you, sir, and reported the accident," the swarthy cadet beamed.

"Yes, that was very good," said Mr. Kenwood. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Brakes are locked, sir. I'm afraid



I don't know how to unlock them."

"You just tap the pedals," he said in amazement. "Just tap them."

"Oh," I said.

"That's the damndest thing I ever heard," he said, getting somewhat redder. "A man in basic doesn't know how to take the brakes off. What's your name?"

"Dowd, sir. Class 10-D."

"Oh, no! Not Dowd, Class 10-D, Squadron 12-A?" he groaned.

"Yes, sir," I said wretchedly.

"You're not safe to solo. I'm going to ground you, Dowd. You'll have to go before the Board." He walked off in rage. "You two go back together. I'll take this plane," he called back.

After he had gone the cadet and I stood and glared at each other.

"And what's your name, little man?" I asked.

"Strilini, Dimitri Strilini," he said.

"Are you with the Allies?"

We walked silently to the plane.

Mr. Kenwood proved as good as his word. He promptly summoned me to appear before the Board's regular Monday morning session and explain my deficiency with the brakes.

Going before the Board was serious business. It was trouble. The Board acted as a high court. If the case went against you, the cadet was "washed out" and his flying career terminated as of that date.

I arrived at the Administration Building a few minutes before eight.

"Aviation Cadet Lester Dowd, Class 10-D," I announced properly.

"Sit down, Dowd," said Lieutenant

Commander Wells, the squadron's skipper, acknowledging my presence.

"Thank you, sir."

"What's this about the brakes?" he asked petulantly.

"I didn't know how to unlock them, sir," I confessed.

"Yes, you did," he insisted impatiently. "Anybody can do that anytime. Kenwood can do it, Wright can do it, Apelgate can do it," he roared, pointing around the table. "Higs can do it," he added as an afterthought, motioning to the psychiatrist.

"Nobody told me how, sir," I tried to explain.

"Nobody has to tell you a thing like that!" bellowed Mr. Wells. "You do it naturally."

Ensign Higs leaned forward.

"Now was there something on our mind?" he asked softly.

The question was aimed point-blank at the unconscious. If I said "no" it would convey the impression of an old, vacant lot, and everybody would lose interest. The trial was going against me.

"Come, now, what was on our mind?" he said again, feeling that this was the psychiatrist's province.

"Those Nicean barks of yore," I said slowly. If he wanted wheels within wheels, he would get them.

"Nicean barks of yore!" he cried. Everybody leaned toward the psychiatrist for interpretation.

I nodded.

"It wasn't your mother or a cousin?" he probed.

I think it was Mr. Higs's first chance

by Spalding and Carney

to prove himself, and he was banking heavily on a standard fixation.

"What's all this got to do with it, Higs?" snapped Mr. Wells, who had no use for the psychiatrist. "If a man can't think of Nicean whatever's and release the brakes too—then the Navy doesn't want him."

"Dowd, you wait outside a minute," urged Mr. Higs.

After I closed the door, I could hear muttered rumblings. There was a copy of the *Corpus Christi Caller Times* on the sofa. I picked it up.

"Mr. Dowd," said the secretary.

I walked into the room. Mr. Wells rose. Ensign Higs stood over by a window, his hands behind his back. It appeared that his vote had not been counted.

"Aviation Cadet Dowd," began Lieutenant Commander Wells, "it costs the Navy 27 thousand dollars to train you. To date we have squandered approximately 14 thousand to that purpose. It is the considered opinion of this Board that we are in too deep to expel you, and therefore we have decided, in spite of the risk, to continue your flight training."

With this behind me, I anticipated the difficulties of the instrument squadron, a technical hell if there ever was one. Most of the training took place on the ground in an electrically operated apparatus that resembled a stuffy fuselage mounted on springs, with the duplicate of a cockpit and instrument panel inside. Such was the Link trainer. There was just room enough for the pilot who

squeezed himself inside and pulled a lid down over him. When the instructor, who sat at the control table, turned on the power, actual conditions of instrument flight were reproduced. The problem was to keep the trainer in a normal attitude solely by reference to a batch of gadgets.

The instructors for this Laputan business were taken from the enlisted personnel — fine, kindhearted men for the most part. But since the title of instructor raised the sailor to temporary authority over the cadets, such an opportunity was too good to be missed. I won't say that Machinist's Mate Briggs, to whom I was assigned, abused the privilege. Rather he lived and thrived on it.

His welcome was, "In peacetime you couldn't get into the Navy."

I climbed uncertainly into the trainer, put the earphones on, and pulled the hood down. It was hot inside. One dim light illuminated the instrument board.

"C'mon, take off," called out Briggs.

I heaved back on the stick and jammed the throttle all the way forward. At this the instruments, which had been twitching in excitement, went hog wild.

"You're climbing straight up all over the place," called Briggs.

When nothing else worked I beat both fists on the panel, remembering the classic cure for faulty radios. It seemed to prick the instruments on to even madder revels.

"You better recover," called Briggs weakly. "According to the altimeter

you are now eight hundred feet below the earth's surface."

Briggs quickly snapped off the power and let me out. What he had witnessed would never be spoken of with Lindbergh's crossing or Amelia's feats, but he was well aware it had a significance of its own.

What separated the men from the boys was the solo flight in a P-boat. I was scheduled to take the test of fire with a cadet called Crandall. As he approached, I heard him say:

"Now, Ben, you can do it perfectly well. Don't say you can't do it. Say you can. Then you will. Everybody else does it. But if you don't, you've lived gloriously. Everything is going to be all right."

There seemed to be a shadow of a doubt in Ben's mind. When he got to me, he said nervously:

"You're Dowd. I'm Crandall. I see we're to do this awful thing together." Then he ducked his head and began to egg himself on again. "What's awful about it, Ben? It's glamorous. Think of it that way. Besides, you wouldn't ever know what hit you. Shut up, Ben, shut up!"

It was a thrilling exhibition of what a high-strung boy would do for his country, but it augured an hour of anguish for the co-pilot.

"Don't mind me," he said, looking at me again. "I drive myself this way."

"Does it do any good?" I asked, always on the alert for any black magic. This steady flow of inter-self communication made it plain

that I was riding with two Crandalls. There was Ben, the calm, imperturbable Crandall, who rode into the jaws of death two jumps ahead of the Light Brigade. And there was Ben, the jittery Crandall, who saw disaster ahead.

Just before we slid down the ramp, the mechanic stuck his head into the compartment, put a bare, hairy arm around each of us, and said:

"Listen, Post and Gatty, the object o' this trip is to get back safe, get me? I got a wife and two kids, and I want to see them sweet faces at the table tonight, get me?"

Having delivered his memorable piece, he went back to his station, little knowing he had tossed about three quarts of morale overboard.

"Forget him, Ben, you're sure. You're an aviator. You're a pioneer," muttered Ben, the reckless Crandall, climbing out of a well of despair.

Pretty soon my own nerves were raw. I began to talk to myself. We worked in chorus from then on.

The flight proved nothing aeronautically, but it established beyond doubt the power of prayer. A landing successfully consummated with the floats up convinced me.

Ben hurried out. When he got off the plane, a group of laughing crewmen laid hands on him and heaved him off the ramp into the water. Then another group merrily grabbed me. I started to resist and strike out to the oppressors.

"Cut it out, Mack," grieved a sailor. "It's traditional. When a cadet

by Spalding and Carney

finishes, we throw him into the Bay."

I was knighted before I knew it.

Ensign Run and I walked together out of the barracks and up to the bus stand. On the way a cadet approached. When he came within five paces, he did a strange thing. He snapped his right hand, thumb beside the palm, over his right eye, keeping his forearm stiff and the lower arm at the right angle to his shoulder. As he passed, he snapped it smartly downward. It seemed to me a curious

and unfortunate nervous affliction. Red stopped still in his tracks.

"We've been saluted," he said lowly. "For the first time."

It was too late to do anything about it. I wanted to run back and get his autograph, but it never would have done for an officer.

"Poor guy," said Red, brushing some dust from his golden wings. "What he's got ahead of him!"

"Probably do him a world of good," I said, and we went on to the bus.

Coronet's Visual Aid Program

In line with the increasing importance of visual instruction in our schools and in the training programs of our armed forces, Coronet has established a non-profit Visual Instruction Department—for the purpose of making Coronet Picture Stories available to schools as visual teaching material. Coronet Picture Stories like *History of World War II* by William L. Shirer, *Siege of a Russian City* by Wendell L. Willkie, *China Fights Back* by Madame Chiang Kai-shek are, according to visual aid experts, extremely well suited to making current history a more interesting, vivid experience for students.

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**July
Round Table
Roundup**

"Should We Bury Japanese Dead with Honor?" was a query that stirred

a tempest of reader opinion. And the majority of those who replied—more than 77 per cent—agreed that full burial honors should be conferred upon dead Japs.

"If our fighting is to perpetuate a lasting world peace, we must administer unto our enemies a brand of kindness unknown to them, even if it only amounts to the provision of a decent burial for their battle-torn

dead." . . . "The chaplain reading the service at a brief unelaborate funeral for dead Japs performs the civilized act of a civilized people." So read some excerpts from the letters of those who side with Dr. John Haynes Holmes in this debate.

Dissenters argued that honor directed to the exponents of that which is the antithesis of civilized man's creed cannot be other than meaningless. A decent burial without honor is more honorable than one with uninspired words, volleys of rituals, maintained a "no" letter author.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR JULY

For the best answers to "Should We Bury Japanese Dead with Honor?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Sgt. John Fearn, San Francisco, Calif.; second prize of \$50 to Mrs. H. E. Tuttle, Jr., Winter Park, Fla.; third prize of \$25 to James P. Reynolds, Pittsfield, Mass.; and prizes of \$5 each for the five next best letters to Laurence K. Ryan, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. Jay Van Everen, Monterey, Mass.; H. S. Delano, Chula Vista, Calif., M. Acton Bond, Eastview, Ottawa, Ont.; and Mildred Poznanovic, Detroit, Mich.

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The Coronet Round Table

Should the U. S. Break with Franco?

A personal opinion by Will Rogers, Jr., member of Congress
and publisher of the Beverly Hills (California) Citizen

IF, AS WE CLAIM, we are fighting Fascism, then why in Heaven's name do we openly recognize one of the first and one of the worst Fascist states—Franco Spain? This regime was spawned by Germany and Italy and is sustained today solely by the criminal indifference of the democratic countries.

When Fascist Germany and Italy have been crushed, Spain will still remain—to provide a haven for fleeing Fascists, to give them a foothold for a new attack against civilization, to continue to short-wave Falangist propaganda to South America and undermine our Good-Neighbor policy, to constitute the rotten apple that will



spoil the new barrel of post-war democracies.

To avoid these terrible consequences would be remarkably simple. All we need do is break off relations with Franco and withdraw the silent support that props up his tyrannical regime. Revolution, waged by be-

lievers in democracy, who constitute the vast majority in Spain just as in our country, would do the rest.

This move would flash the long-awaited signal to the enslaved peoples of the world that at last our nation has gone *all* the way out for democracy. Nothing else could so well straighten out the corkscrew diplomacy that marks and mars our foreign policy.

200 Dollars for the Best Letters on This Subject!

The United States is involved in the greatest war of all time. It is the fight of many people throughout the world who believe in the right of the individual over the tyranny of Fascistic rule. Since we are fighting for democracy, should we countenance Fascism in Spain? Or do you believe it is more expedient for the present to remain *status quo*? Will Rogers, Jr. advocates immediate severance of our country's recognition of Franco Spain. Do you agree or disagree? For the best letter of 200 words or less, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third best, 25 dollars, and for the five next best, five dollars each. Send your letter by October 25th to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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Pearl Buck (p. 15)



Vice Adm. J. K. Taussig (p. 63)



F. Strobel (p. 167)



Bella Fromm (p. 77)

Between These Covers

... Pearl Buck, Nobel prize winner, is equally acclaimed as a writer of best sellers and as an expert on the land to the East . . . During his 38 years of active service with the United States fleet, Admiral Joseph K. Taussig has participated in many stirring campaigns . . . Holder of the first award in line drawing at the Chicago Art Directors' Exhibit held in 1943, F. Strobel's drawings enliven the pages of Coronet each month . . . For many years Bella Fromm was the confidante of the Diplomatic Corps in Berlin. Her portrayal of the lives of Hitler's henchmen is both authoritative and revealing.

